

THE BOOK THAT WILL CHEER YOU
OR
HYMNS FOR THE LIVING & THE DYING
BY
RICHARD JONES



The aged carthorse is still living a
Primitive Frenchman. Not known!

 $x = 10, 15, 20, 25,$

For the Living and Dying.

"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

LONDON:

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1862.

TO
THOMAS BAGNALL, ESQ.,
WHOSE ZEAL FOR THE SPREAD OF THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES,
AND THE
SUPPORT OF CHRISTIANITY,
I HAVE WITNESSED WITH SO MUCH
PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION,
THIS UNASSUMING LITTLE VOLUME OF HYMNS
IS DEDICATED,
BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT AND
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

The following Hymns, many of which have been printed in the Author's lesser Volumes, from time to time, have been sung in most of the Revivals in this and other countries—with good effect, during the last thirty years. They are now collected in one Volume, interspersed with many Original Hymns.

The Author has nothing to say as to the merits of the work, which is only distinguished for its plainness, he not having written for critics, but to be useful to the masses.

God having blessed them in the salvation of many souls, is his great encouragement for their appearing in the present form.

WESTBROMWICH,

MARCH 27th, 1832.

1.

There is a God.—P.M.

ALL universal nature cries,
There is a God !
The earth, the sea, and lofty skies,
Cries—there's a God !
The sun which fills the world with light ;
The changing moon which shines by night ;
The depth below the azure height,
Cry—there's a God !

The pealing thunder's awful crash,
Cries—there's a God !
The forked lightning's vivid flash,
Cries—there's a God !
The drops of rain, the fleecy snow,
The tides which daily ebb and flow,
The winds which from each point do blow,
Cry—there's a God !

The humble persevering bee,
Cries—there's a God !
The smallest animal we see,
Cries—there's a God !
The smallest plant on earth that grows,
The smallest streamlet as it flows,
The pink, the violet, and the rose,
Cry—there's a God !

The structure of the human frame,
Cries—there's a God !
The list'ning ear, and eye of flame,
Cries—there's a God !
Its beauteous symmetry and grace,
Each joint and ligament in place,
The foot, the hand, the head, and face,
Cry—there's a God !

The soul within the inmost mind,
 Cries—there's a God !
 Here every evidence we find,
 There is a God !
 Our thoughts as quick as lightning fly,—
 Now here, now roving through the sky ;
 Judgment and understanding cry,
 There is a God !

The fool's the only one who says,
 There is no God !
 The man that walks in folly's way,
 Says—there's no God !
 The man of wisdom better knows,
 The source from whence his mercies flow ;
 His thoughts, and words, and actions show,
 There is a God !

3.

The Trinity.

THREE persons in one God we own,
 One God in Persons Three.—
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The glorious Trinity.

Cœqual, cœternal too,
 In wisdom, and in might,
 Our Father, Saviour, Comforter ;
 Source of all life and light.

And equal praise to each we give,
 As do the shining host,
 Glory to God on high they sing,
 To Son and Holy Ghost.

4.

The Crucifixion.—L.M.

EXTENDED on the shameful tree,
 Hangs the immortal Son of God ;
 To set a world of sinners free,
 He sheds his all-atoning blood.

The sun withheld his rays of light ;
 The heavens above put mourning on,
 While Jesus wins the glorious fight ;
 And does for human guilt atone.

Earth did unto its centre quake ;
 The marble rocks were rent in twain,
 His dying groans the dead awake !
 Still sinners laughed to see him slain.

Eli lama sabacthani,
 Aloud the man of sorrow cries ;
 Come see by faith your Saviour die,
 Behold he conquers as he dies !

5.

Where to Seek.—C.M.

SEEK not to find the Lord of life,
 In every object round ;
 But seek him with a heart sincere—
 Seek, where he may be found.

Not in the gilded hall of fame,
 Not in the stately court,
 Nor on the royal promenade,
 Where sycophants resort.

O seek him not at festive boards,
Of most delicious fare,
Nor in the haunts of vain resort,
For Jesus is not there.

But seek him in his written word,
And where his people meet,
Where humble saints in pray'r and praise,
Surround the mercy-seat.

The closet enter, shut thy door,
And offer fervent pray'r,
Expect his presence, ask his grace,
And thou shalt find him there.

6.

Right Rejoicing.—T.M.

THE fig tree may not bloom,
Nor fruit be in the vine,
The fields may yield no meat,
The flocks and herds may pine :
Yet will I lift my heart and voice,
And in the Lord I will rejoice.

Changes belong to earth,
Jehovah changes not !
He sees the sparrow fall,
And marks His people's lot,
He watches every number'd hair,
He hears, and He will answer pray'r.

All things together work,
For His own people's good,
For those who hear His call.
And love Him as they should,
Affliction, poverty, distress,
He sanctifies and still does bless !

His goodness I will sing,
His matchless pow'r extol,
His long forbearance too !
His mercy over all !
His justice, truth, and faithfulness,
His providence and boundless grace !

Blight may the fig tree scathe,
Mildew may spread around ;
Death may come over all,
A curse be on the ground !
Yet, will I lift my heart and voice,
And in the Lord I will rejoice.

7.

Prayer.—C.M.

WHILE some despise Jehovah's ways,
Nor for religion care,
I'll yield my soul at once to God,
And give myself to pray'r.

I'll pray for grace to help me on,
Through this dark vale of tears.
For grace to purify my heart,
For grace to hush my fears,

For others too I'll lift my heart,
To Him who rules on high,
That He would bless and save their souls,
And all their needs supply.

My friends, the Church, the world at large,
Before the throne I'll bear,
And ask for promised aid for all,
And give myself to pray'r.

8.

Come, Lord Jesus.—P.M.

AMEN, Amen, even so,
Come, Lord Jesus !
Let the final trumpet blow,
Come, Lord Jesus !
Let the latest thunders roll,
Lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Welcome to the faithful soul,
Come, Lord Jesus !

With thy Father's glory crown'd,
Come, Lord Jesus !
With thy shining hosts around,
Come, Lord Jesus !
Let the stars from heaven fall,
Raise the dead both great and small !
As the mighty Judge of all,
Come, Lord Jesus !

Let the wheels of time stand still ;
Come, Lord Jesus !
Now thy promise to fulfil,
Come, Lord Jesus !
God of glorious majesty,
Gather all Thy saints to Thee ;
From the dust thy people free,
Come, Lord Jesus !

Now to take thy follow'rs home,
Come, Lord Jesus !
Saints and Martyrs echo come !
Come, Lord Jesus !
End the struggle, end the strife,
Bridegroom now receive thy wife,
Give the crown of endless life,
Come, Lord Jesus !

9.

Human Merits Excluded.—T.M.

I plead no merits here,
For an immortal throne,
If merits were required,
Alas ! for me, I've none !
Alone, through Jesus precious blood,
I dare approach the living God !

I could not make a case,
Whatever I may plead,
'Tis not of works, but grace,
I in the scriptures read ;
Tho' I have tears abundant shed,
And prayers, and *paternosters* said.

Tho' I bestow my goods,
The needy poor to feed ;
And wipe the tearful eye,
And bound the hearts that bleed :
'Tis all as nothing in His sight,
Who dwells enthron'd above all height !

Tho' I for many years
Have lov'd Jehovah's cause,
And labour'd day and night,
And never made a pause ;
Tho' all has been sincerely wrought,
The whole is as a thing of nought !

My good and evil deeds,
I now cast over board,
My sermons, prayers, and tears,
My service for the Lord ;
And on the plank of saving grace,
Swim off unto my landing place.

10.

The Living and the Dying

THE living—who are these?
 The men who watch and pray;
 The dying—those who can
 With the apostles say,
 Whether we therefore live or die,
 We are the Lord's—the Lord's most high.

Like mariners at sea,
 The living ply the oar;
 The dying saint is he
 Who sees the blissful shore—
 Who has unto his moorings come,
 And anchor cast in sight of home.

Like thrifty husbandmen,
 The living sow in tears;
 Hope bears their spirit up,
 Till white the field appears:
 The dying, those who cease to weep,
 Who now with joy begin to reap.

Like travellers from home,
 Strangers and pilgrims here,
 With staff, and sandals on,
 The living do appear:
 The dying, is the saint who waits
 To be admitted through the gates.

Then let the living live,
 Their God to glorify;
 And in the faith of Christ,
 Let all the dying die,
 Applying those heart-cheering words,
 Living or dying we're the Lord's.

11.

"Let there be Light."—P.M.

GOD at the creation said,
 "Let there be light!"
 And the orb of day was made—
 Full, full of light:
 Thus the bright and glorious sun,
 His important race begun;
 Still he does his circuit run,
 Full, full of light.

We would turn this to a prayer,
 "Let there be light!"
 Lord, thy holy arm make bare,
 "Let there be light;"
 Chase the gloom of night away,
 Turn our darkness into day,
 And unto the nations say,—
 "Let there be light."

Where they worship wood and stone,
 "Let there be light."
 Where thy gospel is not known,
 "Let there be light."
 Give the heathen eyes to see,
 All they need is found in thee:
 Now set the captive free,
 "Let there be light."

In the village, in the glen,
 "Let there be light."
 In the city full of men,
 "Let there be light."
 In the mansions of the great,
 Palaces, and halls of state,
 In the chambers of debate,
 "Let there be light."

In the poor benighted heart,
 "Let there be light,"
 Now thy healing beams impart,
 "Let there be light."
 Comfort then will dwell within,
 Grace will take the place of sin,
 Heaven on earth does thus begin—
 "Let there be light."

12.

Death and Glory.—P.M.

ONE night as I lay sleeping,
 Upon my humble bed,
 A dream or holy vision,
 Disturb'd my thoughtful head;
 Methought my days were ended,
 My mortal struggles o'er,
 And that I had ascended
 To Canaan's peaceful shore.

Just as my house was rending,
 My mortal house of clay,
 Bright angels were attending,
 To bear me safe away;
 They cried, "away to glory!"
 I answered, "Lo, I come!"
 And then, the next blest moment,
 I found myself at home.

I heard ten thousand saying,
 "Thrice welcome to this place;
 Behold an heir of glory,
 A sinner sav'd by grace:
 Come, take thine harp, and join us,
 In our immortal lays:
 Sing loud, and long, and lasting,
 Jehovah's boundless praise."

I saw my great Redeemer,
 Who suffered on the tree;
 "Come in (he said) thou blessed,
 Inherit life through me:
 Thy warfare is accomplished,
 Thy work on earth is done,
 Be seated, friend, be seated,
 On my eternal throne."

The streets of Zion's city
 Are all of purest gold;
 Its beauty and its grandeur,
 By man was never told,—
 There flows the crystal river—
 There comes no sin nor strife—
 The people feast for ever
 Upon the tree of life.

13.

Thou may'st be happy yet.—P.M.

ART thou a mourner, full of grief?
 A Distress'd because of sin?
 And dost thou think thyself too vile,
 For Jesus to take in?
 His promises are rich and free,
 Thyself no longer fret,—
 Repent, forsake, believe in Christ,
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

Talk not of thunder in his voice—
 Of lightning in his eye;
 Return with weeping unto him,
 He'll lay his thunders by:
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 Shall rise no more to set:
 Day now is breaking o'er thy soul—
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

Hast thou backslidden from the Lord,
 And turned from wisdom's way?
 And has the dark and cheerless night
 Now took the place of day?
 The thoughts of happy hours gone by,
 Thou never can'st forget;
 Still there is mercy with the Lord,
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

Down from the willow take thy harp,
 Break forth in songs again;
 Adopt thy long neglected strain—
 "The Lamb for sinners slain!"
 Thy face towards Jerusalem,
 In very earnest set;
 With songs to Zion now return—
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

Are thy companions gone before,
 To that important bourne,
 From whence no traveller did yet,
 To tell his tales, return?
 Their parting looks and dying words,
 Thou never can'st forget,
 But meeting time will soon arrive,
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

O think of that immortal rest—
 That world of endless light!
 O think about the victor's palm,
 And robe of spotless white:
 The crown which soon will deck thy brow,
 With many stars is set;
 Haste, pilgrim, to thy endless rest,
 Thou may'st be happy yet.

14.

*The Last Day on Earth, and the First Day in
 Heaven.—P.M.*

'TWAS night, and all was still,
 As I lay;
 'Twas night, and all was still,
 As I lay;
 'Twas night, and all was still,
 Sweet thoughts my heart did fill,
 And I felt a holy thrill,
 As I lay.

I saw pale death advance,
 As I lay;
 I saw pale death advance,
 As I lay;
 But death had got no sting,
 I could vict'ry, vict'ry sing,
 My soul was on the wing,
 As I lay.

Sing! sing my favourite hymn,
 "All is well;"
 Sing! sing my favourite hymn,
 "All is well."
 Mine eye of faith I cast,
 O'er the history of the past,
 And now can say at last,
 All is well.

I heard unearthly sounds,
 As I lay;
 I heard unearthly sounds,
 As I lay;
 "Thy mortal toils are o'er,
 Thou shalt sigh and weep no more—
 To Canaan's peaceful shore,
 Come away."

I heard an angel say,
 "Come to heaven?"
 I heard an angel say,
 "Come to heaven;"
 I heard an angel say,
 "Sister spirit, come away,
 Leave, leave thy house of clay,
 Come to heaven."

The chill of death came on,
 As I lay;
 The chill of death came on,
 As I lay;
 The chill of death came on,
 I heav'd my final groan,
 Then stood before the throne,
 High in heaven.

I heard ten thousand cry,
 "Welcome home,"
 I heard ten thousand cry,
 "Welcome home,"
 I heard ten thousand cry,
 "Thrice welcome to the sky,
 Reign with thy God on high,
 "Welcome home."

I saw the Lord, who bled
 On the tree;
 I saw the Lord, who bled
 On the tree;
 I saw the Lord, who bled,
 Many crowns were on his head;
 "Welcome to my throne," he said,
 Unto me.

I saw the cherubim,
 Lifted high;
 I saw the cherubim,
 Lifted high;
 I saw the cherubim,
 And flaming seraphim,
 And I heard their lofty hymn,
 In the sky.

I saw the martyrs there,
 Round the throne;
 I saw the martyrs there,
 Round the throne.
 I saw the martyrs there,
 Bright are the crowns they wear,
 Great is the bliss they share,
 Round the throne.

Some whom I knew below,
 I did see;
 Some whom I knew below,
 I did see;
 Two lovely children dear,
 Before me did appear,—
 "Father," they said, "is here—
 All is well."

"Harp, lift thy voice on high,"
 Angels shout;
 "Harp, lift thy voice on high,"
 Angels shout;
 "Harp, lift thy voice on high,
 With hosannas fill the sky,
 And holy, holy, cry,
 Evermore."

"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Who was slain ;
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Who was slain ;
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Who was for sinners slain,
 World without end,—amen,
 And amen."

15.

"How far is it to Canaan?"—P.M.

HOW far is it to Canaan,
 The land of endless light ?
 Enquires the doubting christian,
 O'ertaken by the night :
 Behold it in the distance,
 Thy doubting now give o'er,
 And thou shalt share its glory,
 And sigh and weep no more.

CHORUS.—O Canaan, bright Canaan,
 My home, my hope, my rest,
 I soon shall reach bright Canaan.
 And be for ever blest.

How far is it to Canaan ?
 Says he who is bereft ;
 My friends are gone before me,
 And I to mourn am left :
 A few more waves of trouble,
 A few more days of pain,
 And thou shalt overtake them,
 On that immortal plain.

How far is it to Canaan ?
 The afflicted christian cries,
 For I am filled with sorrow,
 And sleep has left mine eyes :
 Thy bands will soon be broken,
 Thy triumph is at hand :
 And now from Pisgah's mountain,
 Behold the better land.

How far is it to Canaan !
 The persecuted cries ;
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Beyond the starry skies.
 Be of good cheer, my brother,
 The cross shall wear the crown,
 The journey's nearly ended,
 The prize will soon be won.

How far is it to Canaan ?
 Exclaims the conquering soul ;
 I wish to rest in heaven,
 Where endless pleasures roll :
 Not far—not far before thee,
 The land of promise lies,
 Pass safely through the river,
 And thou shalt have the prize.

How far is it to Canaan ?
 The dying saint would know,
 Around whose mortal body.
 The waves of Jordan flow :
 O thou art near thy landing,—
 The plains of endless light ;
 Adieu, my friends beloved—
 Vain world—good night, good night.

16.

The Shortness of Life.—T.M.

VAIN is this mortal life,
 A bubble on the brook—
 One moment seen to rise,
 And the next moment broke:
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Now here, now there—in life, in death.

Like ships upon the sea,
 At first we view them near—
 Then in the distant lost,
 From us they disappear:
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Now here, now there—in life, in death.

A vapour which appears—
 The fading flower of grass—
 Just like the shadow, we
 To death and judgment pass:
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Now here, now there—in life, in death.

A short, uncertain day,
 Which quickly takes its flight;
 We scarce perceive it noon,
 Before we say 'tis night:
 Even such is man, who lives by breath,
 Now here, now there—in life, in death.

If life be then so short,
 As these do represent,
 Still shorter is the space,
 Remaining to repent;
 Let no one of to-morrow boast—
 Ashes to ashes—dust to dust.

17.

The Christian Pilgrim.—P.M.

I am a christian pilgrim bold,
 A sinner saved by grace;
 The city of destruction,
 Has been my dwelling place;
 For nineteen years, or thereabout,
 I lived in "Blind man's row;"
 From thence I started for a crown,
 A long time ago.

Evangelist came preaching there,
 The precious gospel word;
 He cried aloud to young and old,
 Go seek and serve the Lord:
 Flee from the wrath to come, he said,
 Escape eternal woe;
 Convinced, I cried, I will, I will,
 A long time ago.

I felt a burden on my soul,
 By night as well as day,—
 I was afraid to leave my place,
 And yet afraid to stay;
 I wept and cried—I mourn'd and sigh'd,
 And wandered to and fro,—
 At length a pilgrim I became,
 A long time ago.

My neighbours said "He used to be
 A quiet, harmless lad;
 He's been among the Methodists,
 And they have drove him mad."
 So blind were they to things divine,
 My case they did not know;
 Amidst their cries I started off,
 A long time ago.

One *Pliable* went forth with me—
 Methinks I see him now,
 He seem'd quite blythe, until we both
 Fell in desponding slough;
 "Possess the land thyself," he said,
 "Where milk and honey flow,"—
 He turn'd again, and I went on,
 A long time ago.

I pass'd by many a curious place,
 Which here I shall not name,
 With weary steps and heavy heart,
 Unto a hill I came.
 I never shall forget the day,
 While I remain below,
 What there I saw, what then I felt,
 A long time ago.

By faith I saw the Son of God,
 Extended on the tree,
 And thro' my heart these words did run—
 "I suffered this for thee."
 Down from his head, his hands, his side,
 The crimson streams did flow;
 I lost my burden at the sight,
 A long time ago.

With *Great Heart*, and with *Faithful* now
 I travel to the skies;
 Beyond bold Jordan's swelling flood,
 My rich possession lies;
 There everlasting joys abound,—
 There streams immortal flow;
 Some of my friends are landed there—
 A long time ago.

I'll tell you more next time we meet,—
 Suffice it now to say.
 Religion was at first most sweet,
 And sweet it is to day:
 The cross of Christ—the cross alone—
 I nothing else will know,
 For at the cross I lost my load,
 A long time ago.

18. *18th 1st Sunday after Easter*

The Dying Christian.—P.M.

WHAT is this that steals upon my frame?
 Is it death?
 Which soon will quench the vital flame,
 Is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free,
 I shall the King of glory see,—
 All is well.

I now am stepping on the shore,
 All is well;
 My struggles here are nearly o'er,
 All is well;
 My soul is free from every fear,
 My hope is full, my title clear,
 And, best of all, the Lord is here,
 All is well.

Cease, cease to weep, my friends, for me,
 All is well;
 My sins are pardon'd, I am free,
 All is well;
 The monster death has lost his sting,
 My happy soul is on the wing,
 Beyond the grave I soon shall sing,
 All is well.

The sweat of death is on my brow,
 All is well ;
 My feet are in the river now,
 All is well ;
 There's not a cloud which does arise,
 To hide my Jesus from my eyes ;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well.

Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
 All is well.
 I'll repeat the pleasing story,
 All is well ;
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 I hear them whisp'ring in my room ;
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well.

Hark, hark ! my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well ;
 I come to see thy face in glory,
 All is well ;
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,
 All is well.

19.

Still trust in God.—P.M.

IN the dark and cloudy day,
 Still trust in God ;
 Cast not your hope away,
 Still trust in God ;
 Fearlessly your way pursue,
 God in mercy cares for you,
 He lives to bring you through :
 Still trust in God.

In the wily tempter's hour,
 Still trust in God ;
 He will spoil his hellish power,
 Still trust in God ;
 Urge the all-important plea,
 " Gracious Lord, remember me : "
 He will save and honour thee :
 Still trust in God.

When thy friends have taken flight,
 Still trust in God ;
 When thy foes in bands unite,
 Still trust in God ;
 He will be thy constant friend,
 He will succour and defend,
 He will keep thee to the end :
 Still trust in God.

When affliction is thy lot,
 Still trust in God ;
 Bear thy pain, and murmur not,
 Still trust in God ;
 In thy suffering moments pray,
 Night is wearing fast away,
 Nearer comes the break of day :
 Still trust in God.

When to Jordan thou dost come,
 Still trust in God ;
 That's the station next thy home,
 Still trust in God ;
 There the gospel train will stand,
 Christ will take thee by the hand,
 Lift thee to the better land,
 Safe home to God.

20.

Here, and Hereafter.—P.M.

HERE, friends desert, and foes unite,
And vex from day to day :
"Report," they say, and we'll report,
And take his name away :"
Hereafter, friend shall join with friend
On that immortal shore,
Where men traduce, calumniate,
Detract, and lie no more.

Here, night her sable curtain throws
The nations all around ;
Mental and moral darkness, here,
Is painful and profound :
Hereafter, in the climes of bliss—
That boundless world of light—
That prophecy shall be fulfilled,
"There shall be no more night."

Here, prayer the saints of God employ,
'Tis needful now to pray ;
Men ought to pray, and not to faint,
The Lord of Life doth say :
Hereafter, endless praise shall sound
From each immortal tongue,
While lofty harps shall swell the strain,
And roll the notes along.

Here, tears are in abundance shed,
The eye suffus'd appears—
Tears for the living and the dead—
The Christian sows in tears :
Hereafter, thou shalt weep no more,
For so the scriptures say,—
The God whom thou dost now adore
Shall wipe all tears away.

Here, Satan tempts the Christian's soul
To doubt and to despair—
He only conquers by his faith,
And unremitting prayer :
Hereafter, he shall dwell secure
In heaven, his happy home,
Where Satan, with his hellish wiles,
Shall never, never come.

Here, oft we hear the word farewell,
When Christian brethren part,
Grief does the troubled bosom swell,
And bows the bleeding heart :
Hereafter we shall all unite,
In endless bliss to dwell,
And through eternity's long round,
Shall never say, farewell.

Here, pale affliction is our lot—
Here, sorrow's waves do roll—
Here, swelling billows dash and foam,
And half o'erwhelm the soul :
Hereafter, one eternal calm
Our spirits shall enjoy,
Where pale affliction never comes,
To wither and destroy.

Here, death, the leveller, intrudes,
And breaks our earthly bands,
And all must yield at once to his
Imperative commands.
Hereafter, far from earth away,
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
The saints shall live an endless life,
And fade and die no more.

*Mine answer to those who do examine me is
this.—P.M.*

21.

I am a Christian pilgrim—
A sinner sav'd by grace :
I travel to Mount Zion,
My final resting place ;
Through many storms and troubles,
By help divine I'm come ;
I soon shall rest for ever,
In heaven, my happy home.

CHORUS.—O Canaan, bright Canaan,
My hope, my home, my rest ;
I soon shall reach bright Canaan,
And be for ever blest.

You ask about my birth-place—
I answer, I have two ;
The one, where I was born in sin—
The other, born anew.
In th' city of Destruction,
My race I did begin—
And near the cross of Jesus
I lost my load of sin.

You for my name inquire,
I'll tell you in a word—
My name is "Jedediah,"
The favorite of the Lord :
Jehovah is my father,
The God of truth and love ;
My mother is Jerusalem,
The city from above.

You ask my occupation,
A soldier, I reply—
A shepherd, and a watchman,—
Sometimes to preach I try.

No matter what my station,
My object still is one,
To glorify my Maker,
Through Jesus Christ, his Son.

My robe was made in heaven,
The shining realms above,
Compos'd of rich materials,
And lin'd throughout with love ;
Dy'd in the blood of Jesus,
And edg'd with purest gold,
It never will wear threadbare,
It never will get old.

You wish to see my passport,
And what it does contain,—
Its rich armorial bearings,
To you I will explain :
The cross is in the centre,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood—
The sinner's only shelter
From an avenging God.

Down at the foot, the serpent,
Which Christ in death did wound,
And broken chains and fetters,
On the right side are found ;
The king of terrors on the left,
Who pierc'd the Saviour's heart,
A vanquish'd foe he standeth,
Holding a broken dart.

You ask by what I travel,
To see the King of kings,
Sometimes within a chariot,
Sometimes on angels' wings ;
I feed upon rich manna,
From the eternal throne,
And feel divine contentment,
Though little and unknown.

Say, will you be a pilgrim,
 Now you my tale have heard ?
 Then give, this blessed moment,
 Thy heart unto the Lord.
 We'll kindly help each other—
 Each others' cross we'll bear;
 To Zion we will travel,
 And never rest, till there.

The land of rest.—P.M.

22.

THERE is a land of rest,
 Far away :
 There is a land of rest,
 Far away ;
 There is a land of rest,
 Where weary pilgrims' blest,
 Recline on Jesu's breast,
 Far away.

There is a city bright,
 Far away :
 There is a city bright,
 Far away ;
 There is a city bright,
 Jehovah is its light,
 'Tis out of mortal sight,
 Far away.

There trees immortal grow,
 Far away :
 There trees immortal grow,
 Far away ;
 There trees immortal grow,
 There streams immortal flow,
 There all the righteous go,
 Far away.

There pain can never come,
 Far away :
 There pain can never come,
 Far away.
 There pain can never come,
 To wither and consume,—
 It lies beyond the tomb,
 Far away.

Now who will go with me,
 Far away ?
 Now who will go with me,
 Far away ?
 Now who will go with me,
 The Saviour's face to see,
 In the country of the free,
 Far away ?

The Gospel Trumpet.—P.M.

23.

HERALDS, blow the gospel trumpet,
 Sound the notes of jubilee.
 Bid the slaves of sin and Satan
 From the galling yoke be free :
 Present, free, and full salvation,
 Spread abroad from shore to shore :
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more.

Go, unfold the cheering story
 Of the Saviour crucified—
 In the cross be all your glory,
 All is useless dross beside :
 Fix the blood besprinkled banner
 Where it ne'er was fixed before—
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more.

Go, where heathen rites are practis'd,
 Go where errors do prevail ;
 On the strength of Christ relying,
 Now the gates of hell assail :
 Pluck the brands out of the burning,
 Pagans shall your God adore,—
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more.

See the fields are white to harvest,
 Reapers, now your work begin ;
 Gather precious souls to Jesus,
 Those who hate and leave their sin,
 Harvest home we'll shout for ever,
 On bright Canaan's peaceful shore,
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more.

Arm yourselves, the foe's advancing,
 In one mighty phalanx join ;
 Blow your trumpets, break your pitchers,
 Let your lamps with lustre shine :
 In the contest eye your Captain,
 He, the breaker, goes before,—
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more.

Hear the watchword, "Forward, forward,"
 On to glorious vict'ry go :
 Raise the war shout, "Glory glory !"
 And, believing, charge the foe:
 Soon the contest will be ended,
 War and strife will then be o'er ;
 Satan's kingdom now is falling,
 And shall fall to rise no more,

24.

Aged Sinners Admonished.—P.M.

AGED sinners, look around,
 Night's coming on ;
 Hear the sad and solemn sound,
 Night's coming on ;
 See, thy locks are getting grey,
 Thine has been a lengthy day,
 But, 'tis nearly pass'd away,
 Night's coming on.

The strong men begin to bow,
 Night's coming on ;
 Pulse is faint, and beating slow,
 Night's coming on.
 Dim thy sight, and slow thy tread,
 Falsied is thy hand and head,
 Thou wilt soon be with the dead,
 Night's coming on.

Clouds of darkness gather fast,
 Night's coming on :
 All thy purposes are past,
 Night's coming on.
 Thou art feeble, faint, and weak,
 Furrow'd is thy brow and cheek,
 Soon the golden bowl will break,
 Night's coming on.

Hast thou thought about thy end ?
 Night's coming on ;
 Hast thou yet made sure thy friend ?
 Night's coming on ;
 Hear what Christ the Lord does say—
 "Work while it is called day,"
 Swift thy moments pass away,
 Night's coming on.

Dost thou say, "'Tis now too late?"

Night's coming on,
"I'll resign me to my fate :"

Night's coming on.
"Fears bestrew my painful way,
I have got no heart to pray.
For the present go thy way?"

Night's coming on.

Dost thou know what is thy fate ?

Night's coming on ;
Hear me, while I do relate.
Night's coming on.
When thy soul returns to God,
If unwash'd in Jesu's blood,
Hell will be thy sad abode,
Night's coming on.

There thou must for ever cry,
Night's coming on ;
There the worm will never die,
Night's coming on.
There beneath God's awful frown.
Thou must writhe, and smart, and groan,
Ever, ever sinking down,
Night's coming on.

But as yet there is a hope,
Night's coming on ;
Thou art not yet given up,
Night's coming on.
To thy God in earnest pray,
He will take thy sins away.
Mercy then will crown the day,
Night's coming on.

25.

The Precious Word.—P.M.

WHAT a real heart-felt pleasure,
Is the service of the Lord ;
What a soul-enriching treasure,
Is the Saviour's precious word :
Riches which can ne'er be told,
Far more precious than fine gold.

Talk no more of earthly rubies,
Red and green, and blue and white,
Sparkling gems of greatest value,
Topaz, agate, chrysolite,—
O how dull they all appear,
Where the gospel shines so clear.

Diamonds, in time of famine,
'Mid distressing cries and groans,
Are, in point of real value,
On a par with pebble stones ;
But the word of Christ my Lord,
Lasting comfort does afford.

Earthly mines are soon exhausted—
Winged wealth soon flies away—
Riches yield but little comfort,
In the sinner's dying day ;
But the word of God is sure,
And for ever shall endure.

26.

The Great Redeemer.—P.M.

I SING the Great Redeemer's name,
 The suffering Son of God,
 Who for a world of sinners once
 Did shed his precious blood :
 He was a man of sorrows here,
 While in this vale of woe,
 But God has high exalted him,
 A long time ago.

He wrought stupendous miracles,
 On the left hand and right ;
 The dumb rejoiced in pleasing songs,
 The blind received their sight,—
 He dried the weeping widow's tears,
 Which for her son did flow,
 And rais'd him up to life again,
 A long time ago.

The cruel Jews conspir'd his death,
 With malice, rage, and hate,—
 Let him be crucified, aloud
 They did vociferate ;
 Then Pilate, from the judgment-seat,
 Proclaim'd it shall be so :
 Thus they condemn'd the Lord of life,
 A long time ago.

From judgment up to Calvary,
 He next is led along,
 Surrounded by a rabble band,
 A cruel, harden'd throng ;
 He climb'd the hill with fortitude,
 To drink the cup of woe,
 And Simon helped to bear his cross,
 A long time ago.

They nail'd him to the rugged tree,
 The Majesty divine ;
 The temple's vail in sunder rent,
 The sun refused to shine :
 His sufferings were vicarious,
 For us his blood did flow ;
 He died the just for the unjust,
 A long time ago.

In Joseph's new sepulchre then
 His body they did lay ;
 But from the dead, in majesty,
 He rose on the third day :
 Triumphant from the tomb he came,
 In spite of every foe,
 Come, see the place, the angel said,
 A long time ago.

With tearful eyes and throbbing heart
 Devoted Mary came,
 With odoriferous perfumes,
 His body to embalm :
 When first she saw the risen Lord,
 His face she did not know—
 At length she cried " Rabboni,"
 A long time ago.

When forty days and forty nights
 Were come unto an end,
 Up from a hill near Bethany,
 He did to heaven ascend :
 He blest his weeping followers there,
 Then left them all below,
 And went to intercede for us,
 A long time ago.

You who deny his Godhead now,
 And rob him of his fame,
 (In heaven above, on earth below,
 There is no other name.)
 Did you but feel his dying love
 You'd not condemn him so,
 But cry, as doubting Thomas did,
 A long time ago.

27.

Heaven.—P.M.

ROUND the throne the ransom'd sing,
 High in heaven ;
 Hail the everlasting King !
 High in heaven.
 He for us the winepress trod,
 Reconciled our souls to God,
 Brought us to this bless'd abode,
 High in heaven.

There they see him face to face,
 High in heaven ;
 In the high and holy place,
 High in heaven.
 Beggars here are princes there,
 Equal joys the ransom'd share,
 Free from sorrow, grief, and care,
 High in heaven.

Angels join them in their song,
 High in heaven ;
 Roll the lofty notes along.
 High in heaven.
 "Worthy is the Lamb," they cry,
 "Who for man did bleed and die,
 "Glory be to God on high,"
 High in heaven.

O what lovely harmony,
 High in heaven ;
 Thrilling, melting melody,
 High in heaven.
 Loud and lasting is their strain,
 Hail the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 He shall ever, ever reign,
 High in heaven.

We have friends before the throne,
 High in heaven,
 Praising the immortal One,
 High in heaven ;
 Fathers, mothers, children dear,
 Who have left us sorrowing here,
 Now in glory they appear,
 High in heaven.

Soon we hope to join them there,
 High in heaven ;
 Grace for glory does prepare,
 High in heaven ;
 When we reach that blissful plain,
 We shall join our friends again,
 And on thrones for ever reign,
 High in heaven.

28.

The Heaven-bound Traveller.—P.M.

I'M a pilgrim, bound for glory,
 I'm a pilgrim going home,—
 Come, and hear me tell my story,
 You that love Jehovah, come.
 Chorus—I love Jesus, &c.

I will tell you what induc'd me
For the better land to start,
'Twas the Saviour's lovingkindness,
Overcame and won my heart.

When I first commenc'd my journey,
Many said, "He'll turn again ;"
But they all have been deceived,
In the way I still remain.

Twenty years have now elapsed
Since I first began to pray,—
I have been in many conflicts,
But I'm here alive to-day.

I'm a wonder unto many,
God the mighty change hath wrought,
Here I lift my Ebenezer,
Hither by his help I'm brought.

Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a pilgrim, I shall come,
Then I hope to shout salvation,
And go singing glory home.

29.

The Cross.—P.M.

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross ;
For us he shed his precious blood,
On the cross ;
O hear his all-important cry—
"Eli lama sabacchini ;"
Draw near, and see your Saviour die,
On the cross.

See, see his arms extended wide,
On the cross ;
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross ;
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight,
On the cross.

Come sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross ;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross ;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
The earth does to its centre shake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
On the cross.

And now, the mighty deed is done,
On the cross ;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
On the cross ;
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
'Tis finish'd, now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head, and dies
On the cross.

Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross ;
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross.

Let every mourner rise, and cling
 To the cross ;
 Let every christian come, and sing
 Round the cross :
 Here let the preacher take his stand,
 And with the bible in his hand,
 Go, preach the doctrine through the land,
 Of the cross.

30.

Heaven's my Home.—P.M.

THE christian pilgrim sings,
 Heaven's my home :
 The christian pilgrim sings,
 Heaven's my home.
 Through the telescope of faith,
 He looks o'er the river death,
 And exultingly exclaims,
 Heaven's my home.

Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home :
 Though the world may me disown,
 Heaven's my home.
 Though the world may me disown,
 Though I'm little and unknown,
 I am heir to yonder throne,
 Heaven's my home.

Though poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home ;
 Though poverty's my lot,
 Heaven's my home ;
 Though poverty's my lot,
 Though the fig-tree blossom not,
 I can sing the song of hope,
 Heaven's my home.

Though my earthly house dissolve,
 Heaven's my home ;
 Though my earthly house dissolve,
 Heaven's my home ;
 I've a house not made with hands,
 In the realms of bliss it stands,—
 I can read my title clear,
 Heaven's my home.

In the dark and cloudy day,
 Heaven's my home ;
 In the dark and cloudy day,
 Heaven's my home ;
 In the dark and cloudy day,
 On Jehovah I will stay,
 And pursue my happy way,
 Heaven's my home.

Oh, that every one could say,
 Heaven's my home !
 Oh, that every one could say,
 Heaven's my home !
 Oh, that every one could say,
 " If I die this blessed day,
 " I shall rise and tower away,
 " Heaven's my home !"

31.

The Missionary Hymn.—P.M.

UP, sons of God, the hour is come,
 Behold, the fields are white before us ;
 Up, up, 'tis Christ who does command,
 Whose banner now is wavering o'er us,
 The night is follow'd by the day,
 The nations of the earth are shaking.
 And all around earth's teeming crowds,
 To witness great events, are waking.

CHORUS :

Then arm'd with power in phalanx move,
Go pluck the brands out of the burning,
Before they sink to that dark world,
From whence there is no more returning.

The signs of these eventful times,
All pious people are discerning ;
The leaves of the prophetic books,
With beating hearts, they now are turning ;
The beast, and the false prophet too,
With sudden trembling now are taken,—
And Babylon, though strongly built,
Is to its very centre shaken.

Long time beneath the tyrant's chain,
The Pagan nations have been lying ;
Without the knowledge of the Lord,
These poor deluded souls are dying.
Go, bear to these the healing word,
A present, free, and full salvation ;
And rest not till the truth is heard
By every man, in every nation.

Ambassadors of Christ go forth,
And tell to all the pleasing story ;
Go, preach the doctrines of the cross,
And in the cross be all your glory.
The kings shall shut their mouths at him,
And Satan's kingdom fall in ruin ;
Up ! men of God, to arms—to arms !
Up ! up this moment, and be doing.

Let little things no more divide
The various tribes one from another ;
No matter what my name may be,
If I'm a Christian, I'm a brother.
Shoulder to shoulder let us fight—
Let nought our kindred spirits sever,
And soon, around the throne of light,
We'll sing the song of praise for ever.

32.

Adieu to the World—P.M.

JESU'S call I now obey,
Vain world, adieu :
From my heart I now can say,
Vain world, adieu ;
Long I've grovelled at thy feet,
Thinking thy vain music sweet,
Now I go my Lord to meet,
Vain world, adieu.

All thy favors are but vain,
Vain world, adieu ;
All thy pleasures end in pain,
Vain world, adieu ;
Thou hast got no charms for me,
Since the Lord has set me free,
Now I will a pilgrim be,
Vain world, adieu.

Tempt me not—I cannot stay,
Vain world, adieu ;
From thy scenes I haste away,
Vain world, adieu ;
I have had my fill of thee,
But my Lord has set me free,
Now a pilgrim I will be,
Vain world, adieu.

Since my Lord on me has smil'd,
Vain world, adieu ;
I am as a weaned child,
Vain world, adieu ;
Freely I abandon thee,
Mine is glorious liberty ;
Who would not a pilgrim be ?
Vain world, adieu.

Cheerfully my cross I take,
 Vain world, adieu ;
 Welcome, pain, for Jesu's sake,
 Vain world, adieu ;
 I shall soon my Saviour see,
 In the country of the free ;
 Who would not a pilgrim be ?
 Vain world, adieu.

Who can blame me for my choice ?
 Vain world, adieu ;
 In my King I will rejoice,
 Vain world, adieu ;
 From thy cruel fangs set free,
 Flatter thou, or frown on me,
 Still a pilgrim I will be,
 Vain world, adieu.

33.

A successful visit to Doubting Castle.

I'M come to see a neighbour,
 Who has come here to dwell,
 His name is "Doubting Thomas,"
 He lives in gloomy cell.
 Be kind enough to tell him
 He's wanted at the door ;
 And if he asks "Who wants me ?"
 Just say, a friend from Zoar.

Salvation, O Salvation,
 From sin and Satan's chains ;
 Salvation, O salvation,
 Jehovah Jesus reigns.

Good morning, friend, good morning,
 How do you feel to-day ?
 I thought I'd call and see you,
 As I passed by this way.
 Oh, sir ! I'm worse than ever,—
 Alas ! there is no hope—
 Abandon'd, quite abandon'd,
 For ever given up.

Salvation, O salvation.
 But none for my sad state ;
 I might have had salvation,
 But now it is too late.

Enough of this complaining,
 This dark and gloomy talk ;
 Perhaps you've no objection
 To take a little walk ;
 Come, fasten on your sandals—
 Put resolution on ;
 It is a lovely morning,
 Make haste, and let's be gone.

To yonder lovely temple,
 Now let us haste away ;
 The Lord of life and glory
 Does meet his saints to-day ;
 And if he does reject you,
 And spurn your humble prayer,
 Return to Doubting Castle,
 And die in black despair.

I certainly feel better,
 The walk has done me good ;
 And do you think there's mercy
 For such a wretch, with God ?
 Hark ! don't you hear them singing
 "Come, whosoever will,
 This man—this man, Christ Jesus,
 Receiveth sinners still.

I hear—I feel—I know it,
 The Saviour died for me,
 This moment I believe it,
 This moment I am free ;
 Farewell to Doubting Castle,
 Farewell to gloomy cell,
 My doubts are gone for ever,
 I'm heal'd—I'm sav'd—I'm well !
 Salvation, &c.

34.

Try, Try Again.—P.M.

HAVE you not succeeded yet ?
 Try, try again ;
 Mercy's door is open set,
 Try, try again.
 Yours is not a single case,
 Others have the same to face ;
 All your trust on Jesus place,
 Try, try again.

Something surely lurks within,
 Try, try again ;
 Some belov'd, besetting sin,
 Try, try again.
 Give up every plea beside—
 "I am lost, but Christ has died,"
 Then the blood will be applied,
 Try, try again.

Do you say, "I've tried in vain,"
 Try, try again ;
 "As I was I still remain,"
 Try, try again.
 Know the darkest part of night
 Is before the dawn of light ;
 Press along, you're going right,
 Try, try again.

Do you, as the proverb say,
 "I shall be slain ;
 There's a lion in the way,
 I shall be slain ?"
 Well, suppose you're saying true,
 And suppose there should be two,
 Jesus lives to bring you through,
 Try, try again.

35.

Only Believe—P.M.

IS there one that's seeking pardon,
 Only believe ;
 Cast on Christ your heavy burden,
 Only believe.
 He is loving, kind, and gracious,
 And his blood is efficacious,
 Every soul may feel him precious,
 Only believe.

Is there one who has backslidden ?
 Only believe,
 You have walk'd in paths forbidden,
 Only believe.
 O how sinful thus to leave him,
 Thus to slight, despise, and grieve him,
 But again you may receive him,
 Only believe.

Is there one wants sanctifying ?
 Only believe ;
 Jesu's blood is purifying,
 Only believe ;
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
 From all sin he does deliver,
 Only believe.

36.

Revival Hymn—P.M.

LOOK down from heaven, gracious God,
 On us who wait before thee,
 And sprinkle all our hearts with blood,
 And thou shalt have the glory.
 The glory, &c.

We long to see thy work revive—
 Revive thy work this hour,
 And make thy people all alive,
 And here display thy power.
 Thy power, &c.

Let sinners be convinc'd of sin,
 And feel their guilt a burden;
 Let mourners be this moment free,
 And taste the fruits of pardon.
 Of pardon &c.

May poor backsliders weeping come
 To thy belov'd embraces?
 We wish to see them back again
 And in their former places.
 Their places, &c.

May every christian now receive
 From thee their heart's desire,
 For thy reviving grace believe,
 And the refining fire.
 The fire, &c.

Ye preachers, who declare the word,
 And pray for sinners' turning,
 Go, point them to the bleeding Lamb,
 And pluck them from the burning.
 The burning, &c.

Come, preachers, leaders, members, all,
 One object each pursuing,
 Old Satan's kingdom soon shall fall,
 And lie in utter ruin. Ruin, &c.

37.

Never Give Up.—P.M.

HAST thou just began to pray?
 Never give up;
 Press along the heavenly way,
 Never give up;
 Though an edict may be pass'd,
 Thou shalt be to lions cast,
 Hold thou thy profession fast,
 Never give up.

When affliction is thy lot,
 Never give up;
 When distress assails thy cot,
 Never give up;
 Dark and drear thy path may be,
 Crouch thou not ignobly,
 God will soon deliver thee,
 Never give up.

Think of a backsliding state,
 Never give up;
 Think of a backslider's fate,
 Never give up;
 He who does apostatize,
 Does the better land despise,
 Forfeits the immortal prize,
 Never give up.

Follow those who've gone before,
 Never give up;
 Who have reach'd the deathless shore,
 Never give up;

From their lofty seats on high,
Far beyond the starry sky,
With united voice they cry,
Never give up.

Think of those blest men of faith,
Never give up ;
Who resisted unto death,
Never give up ;
With what fortitude they died—
“None but Christ,” the martyrs cried,
Ours is yet the strongest side,
Never give up.

Think how near thou art to heaven,
Never give up ;
Soon the palm branch will be given,
Never give up ;
Onward, Christian, watch and pray,
On thy journey stop nor stay,
Fight the fight, and win the day,
Never give up.

38.

The Christian.—P.M.

MY heart is fix'd eternal God,
Divinely fix'd on thee,
And from the deadly monster's grasp,
My spirit is set free ;
I'd not exchange for all the world,
For what I feel and know,—
I've heaven here, and heaven there,
I'm bound for to go.

I never can forget the day,
I did for glory start,
What deep distress and agony

Possess'd my wounded heart :
One ask'd me if my load was gone,
I sigh'd, and answer'd No,
Yet from my heart I then could say,
I'm bound for to go.

A glorious light broke o'er my soul,
I cried, I do believe,
And peace and pardon, through the blood,
Of Christ I did receive :
The love of God was shed abroad,
I felt the glory flow,
And standing up I shouted out,
I'm bound for to go.

'Tis all of mercy that I'm here,
To tell my tale to-day ;
I might have been with thousands more,
For ever cast away ;
But all my sins are now forgiven,—
I'm certain it is so,—
And for a crown of endless life
I'm bound for to go.

I've joined the hallelujah band,
Who sing, and shout, and pray ;
I'm far more happy than a prince,
I'm blest from day to day ;
My home is far beyond the skies,
Where endless pleasures flow—
On wings of love I mount, I rise,
I'm bound for to go.

39.

Singing Jesus—P.M.

ANGEL bands in concert sing,
Jesus, Jesus ;
Hail the everlasting King,
Jesus, Jesus.

Far beyond the starry sky,
Loud and lasting is their cry,
Worthy is the Lord most high,
Glory, glory.

From the lofty harp is heard
Jesus, Jesus ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord,
Jesus, Jesus ;
Cherubim and seraphim,
Join in that immortal hymn,
And ascribe all praise to him,
Glory, glory.

Nor do angels sing alone,
Jesus, Jesus ;
There are others round the throne
Singing Jesus :
Spirits of the wise and good,
Wash'd in the atoning blood,
Kings and priests, and heirs of God,
Glory, glory.

Some of us have children there,
Singing Jesus ;
O the bliss, the joy they share,
Singing Jesus.
There before the throne they fall,
Crown him, crown him Lord of all,
Happy, happy, great and small,
Glory, glory.

Hark ! what sounds are those I hear ?
Jesus, Jesus ;
'Tis a band of Christians near,
Singing Jesus :
Join we with them, heart and tongue,
Help to swell the heavenly song,
Singing as we march along,
Glory, glory.

40.

The Recruiting Hymn.—P.M.

I'M a recruiting officer,
Commission'd from on high ;
I'm one of the great army,
Which does in Zion lie ;
I'm come, enlisting soldiers,
To fight the daring foe,
Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
I'm bound for to go.

I'm not confin'd to age or sex,
I take both young and old,
The learned and illiterate,
The timid and the bold,
The Jew and Gentile, black and white,
The high as well as low,—
Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
I'm bound for to go.

We're wanting men for every rank,
To serve the Prince of Peace,
Whose orders have been issued out,
The army to increase.
Some have to stay and mind the stuff,
And others chase the foe ;
Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
I'm bound for to go.

We're wanting valiant pioneers,
And some to sap and mine,
Both infantry and cavalry,
And soldiers of the line.
Some have to play on instruments,
And some rams' horns do blow,—
Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
I'm bound for to go.

You blithe young men who stand around,
 I now will turn to you,
 Have you decided in your mind,
 What course you will pursue?
 Desert the black militia now,
 You dare not answer No,—
 Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
 I'm bound for to go.

You shall not go at your own charge—
 The King who reigns on high,
 Out of the treasures of his grace,
 Shall all your need supply :
 Your bounty will be very large,
 Your bible does say so.—
 Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
 I'm bound for to go.

A dazzling crown shall deck your brow,
 When all the wars are o'er,
 And you on thrones shall ever reign,
 And sigh and weep no more.
 White robes and palms of victory,
 Your Captain shall bestow,—
 Then come, enlist, and with me sing,
 I'm bound for to go

One volunteer's worth two press'd men,
 Then, O make no delay ;
 Give God your heart, give me your hand,
 But let it be to-day :
 The earnest take, the world forsake.
 And all things here below,—
 And now we'll have a general shout,
 I'm bound for to go.

41.

All's for the best.—P.M.

JOIN with me, my friends, to sing
 All's for the best :
 Praise the everlasting King,
 All's for the best.
 God who reigns above the skies,
 Has all power, is all-wise,
 We may sink, or we may rise,
 All's for the best.

Though affliction be our lot,
 All's for the best ;
 Though distress assail our cot,
 All's for the best.
 Sons of Zion, heirs of grace,
 Pilgrims, let us mend our pace,
 Earth is not our resting place,
 All's for the best.

Though we're persecuted here,
 All's for the best ;
 Courage, soldiers, faint nor fear,
 All's for the best.
 Men may slander and defame,
 None shall put our souls to shame,
 Trusting in the bleeding Lamb,
 All's for the best.

Tempest tost, and ocean driven,
 All's for the best ;
 Storms shall drive us nearer heaven,
 All's for the best.
 Jesus sees us from on high
 And to help us now draws nigh,
 "Fear not," he says, "for it is I!"
 All's for the best.

Then let Christians join to sing,
 All's for the best ;
 Hail the everlasting King,
 All's for the best.
 He who does for Zion care,
 Watches every number'd hair,
 Hears, and he will answer prayer,
 All's for the best.

42.

No Cross, no Crown.—P.M.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour cries,
 And come and follow me ;
 Where shall I follow thee, my Lord ?
 Where shall I follow thee ?
 Through good report, and evil too,
 And up to Calvary :
 No thorn, no throne—no cross, no crown,
 Then follow, follow me.

Deny thyself, renounce the world,
 And every evil way ;
 When mortals rail, rail not again,
 But pity them, and pray :
 No pain, no palm—no grief, no joy—
 No fight, no victory ;
 Then take thy cross, deny thyself,
 And follow, follow me.

Consult thou not with flesh and blood.
 Thou hast no time to waste :
 The God who calls thee to the fight,
 Commands thee to make haste.
 When friends desert and foes unite,
 And Satan tempteth thee,
 Resist, contend—believe, confide—
 And follow, follow me.

" To him that overcomes, I'll grant
 To sit upon my throne :
 He shall receive the crown of life,
 New name, and the white stone ;
 Shall live for ever, high in bliss,
 And immortality :
 Then take thy cross, deny thyself,
 And follow, follow me.

43.

He'll never weep again.—P.M.

BEHOLD the dying christian, stretch'd
 Upon the bed of death,—
 In humble, fervent prayer to God,
 He spends his dying breath :
 Support my soul in Jordan's streams,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain :
 How cloudless is his setting sun,
 He'll never weep again.

Thro' many storms, and toils, and woes,
 In safety he is come :
 Hark ! hear his dying words, so sweet,
 " I'm now in sight of home :
 Farewell, vain world, with all thy cares,
 Farewell, distress and pain :
 One struggle more, and all is o'er,
 He'll never sigh again.

Behold that smile upon his face,
 How heavenly, how divine !
 Hark, hark ! he whispers as he dies,
 " I shall in glory shine,
 Meet me, my wife, and children dear,
 On the immortal plain ;"
 How calm his exit from life's stage,
 He'll never mourn again.

44.

Christmas Hymn.—P.M.

SING christians, sing,
 Your new-born Saviour,
 Hail Zion's king !
 All hail, for ever !
 From heaven he's come,
 To bless and save us ;
 Join every heart and tongue,
 Sing Jesus, Jesus.

Go to the stable, go,
 And view the Stranger,
 Wrapp'd in swaddling bands,
 Laid in a manger :
 With loudest, sweetest strains,
 The air is ringing :
 Glory to God on high,
 Angels are singing.

Glory to God on high,
 We'll join the chorus ;
 His banner now
 Is wavering o'er us :
 Sing, christians, sing,
 Your new-born Saviour ;
 Shout ! shout his praise—
 Shout, shout for ever.

45.

Good Night.—P.M.

PARTING time again is come,
 Good night, good night ;
 Sing we as we journey home,
 Good night, good night.
 When it does go well with thee,

When thou bend'st the suppliant knee,
 Think, my brother, think on me,
 Good night, good night.

Still for holiness contend,
 Good night, good night :
 Be thou faithful to the end,
 Good night, good night :
 See the land before thee lies,
 Deeper sink, and higher rise,
 Seize the never-fading prize,
 Good night, good night.

We on earth may meet no more,
 Good night, good night ;
 Meet me on the deathless shore,
 Good night, good night :
 There through one eternal day,
 We shall with our Jesus stay,
 And no more be heard to say,
 Good night, good night.

We to sin and Satan say,
 Good night, good night ;
 Every false and evil way.
 Good night, good night :
 Old companions, fare-you-well,
 We'll not go with you to hell,
 Haste we with our Lord to dwell,
 Good night, good night.

World, with all thy vain delights,
 Good night, good night ;
 Painted toys, and foolish sights,
 Good night, good night :
 Riches, which do fly away,
 Pleasures, which so soon decay,
 Honours, lasting but a day,
 Good night, good night.

Soon to fleeting time we'll say,
 Good night, good night ;
 Death will be our reaping day,
 Good night, good night :
 Then farewell to doubts and fears,
 Sighs and groans, and floods of tears,
 Bright the promis'd land appears,
 Good night, good night.

46.

Will You Go—P.M.

WE are trav'ling home to heaven above,
 Will you go ?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go ?
 Millions have reach'd that blissful shore,
 Their toils and labours all are o'er,
 And yet there's room for millions more,
 Will you go ?

We are going to walk the plains of light,
 Will you go ?
 To where there's neither death nor night,
 Will you go ?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share,
 Will you go ?

We are going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go ?
 In rapturous strains to sing his name,
 Will you go ?
 Our sun will then no more go down,
 Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
 Our days of mourning ever gone,
 Will you go ?

The way to heaven is free for all,
 Will you go ?
 For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
 Will you go ?
 Make up your minds, give God your heart,
 With every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start,
 Will you go ?

The way to heaven is strait and plain,
 Will you go ?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go ?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see,
 Will you go ?

O could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go !
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go !
 My old companions, fare-you-well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
 Will you go ?

47.

Spread of the Gospel—P.M.

THAT blessed work is rising still,
 Which first began upon Mow Hill,
 Jesu's empire now is growing,
 Tens of thousands are set free,
 Still the glorious stream is flowing,
 Sound, sound the Jubilee.

The standard now is lifted high,
And crowds to it are drawing nigh ;
Oh ! 'tis pleasant, 'tis suprising,
Such a glorious sight to see :
Hallelujah ! we are rising,
Sound, sound the Jubilee.

With lifted banners we'll proceed,
And Jesus shall our armies lead,
We'll proclaim the wondrous story
Of his death upon the tree ;
All may go with us to glory,
Sound, sound the Jubilee.

Ye heralds of the Lord go forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Preach through Christ the great salvation,
Preach it present, full, and free,
Spread the truth through every nation,
Sound, sound the Jubilee.

We are looking forward to that day
When all shall own God's righteous sway,
From the scriptures we have reason
These reviving times to see ;
O that happy, happy season,
Sound, sound the Jubilee.

48.

For a Revival—P.M.

ALMIGHTY God, in Persons Three,
We now present our prayer to thee,
And in thy name we all agree
To pray for a revival :
Regard, O Lord, our humble cries,
Let ev'ry place in the circuit rise,
And pour salvation from the skies,
And send us a revival.

All glory be to the Lord Most High,
Hosanna, the preachers and people cry,
We'll praise him till the day we die,
And after death sing glory.

O hasten, Lord, those days again,
When sinners by the word were slain,
And mourners too, cried out amain,
" Lord, save us, or we perish ;"
When christians sung the conqueror's song,
And felt the glory all day long,
The weak cried out "Behold I'm strong,"
And bound for endless glory.

We all cry out "How dead we are !"
May each one learn Habakkuk's prayer,
And cry "O Lord, thy arm make bare,
And send us a revival :"
O send conviction, like a dart,
And pierce and wound the sinner's heart,
And may he now, this moment start,
To seek immortal glory.

Bless ev'ry preacher on the plan,
Make each a holy, happy man,
And then he'll do the best he can,
To forward a revival :
Let each his own appointments take,
And preach the word for Jesu's sake :
Old Satan's kingdom now does quake,
Amid the great revival.

May every leader, clad with zeal,
The weight of his own office feel,
And pray aloud for Zion's weal,
And for a great revival.
Though devils tempt, and men despise,
Jehovah will regard our cries,
And you shall see your classes rise,
And shout in the revival.

49.

Compel them to come—P.M.

YE heralds of Jesus, go forth and proclaim
 Salvation to sinners, through faith in his name :
 Go tell them, in Zion there's plenty of room,
 And supper provided—compel them to come.

Go tell them, 'tis ready, the table is spread,
 The wine is God's blessing, and Christ is the bread;
 The distressed and needy, invite them all home,
 To take of the supper—compel them to come.

Of all that you meet with let none stay behind,
 But bring them to Jesus, the Friend of mankind ;
 Persuade them to wander no longer from home :
 To feast with the Saviour—compel them to come.

Your work is important, then make no delay,
 But lift up your voices, and work while 'tis day ;
 If the rich will not listen, but carelessly roam,
 To the poor preach the gospel, compel them to come.

What's the news—P.M. 50.

What's the news—P.M.

WHENE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news ?
 Pray what's the order of the day ?
 What's the news ?
 Oh ! I have got good news to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well,
 He's triumph'd over death and hell,
 That's the news.

The Lamb was slain on Calvary, 2
 That's the news,
 To set a world of sinners free,
 That's the news ;
 For us he bow'd his sacred head,
 For us his precious blood was shed ;
 And he is risen from the dead.
 That's the news.

To heaven again the Conqueror's gone, 3
 That's the news,
 He's seated on his royal throne,
 That's the news ;
 Upon that throne he will remain,
 Until, as Judge, he comes again,
 Attended by his dazzling train,
 That's the news.

His work's reviving all around, 4
 That's the news,
 And many have Messiah found,
 That's the news ;
 And since their souls have caught the flame
 They shout hosannah to his name,
 And all around they spread his fame,
 That's the news.

The Lord has pardon'd all my sin, 5
 That's the news,
 I feel the witness now within,
 That's the news ;
 And since he took my guilt away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day.
 That's the news.

And Jesus Christ can save you too,
That's the news,
Your sinful heart he can renew,
That's the news ;
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news.

And then if any one should say,
What's the news ?
Oh ! tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news ;
That you have join'd the conquering band
And now, at God's divine command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news.

51.

Encouragement—P.M.

COME on, my brethren dear,
In the Lord—
Come on, my brethren dear,
In the Lord ;
Come on, my brethren dear,
We have no portion here,
For endless life we steer,
In the Lord.

There is a better day
Coming on—
There is a better day
Coming on ;
A day without a night,
Where all are sons of light,
Shall, in their Saviour's sight,
Sit on thrones.

Tongues cannot tell the bliss
We shall share—
Tongues cannot tell the bliss
We shall share ;
Free from distress and pain,
With Jesus we shall reign,
On Canaan's peaceful plain,
Evermore.

Then let the world despise,
We'll go on—
Then let the world despise,
We'll go on ;
We know religion's right,
All earthly things, good night !
We'll urge our upward flight,
To the throne.

Ye guilty sinners, turn
To the Lord—
Ye guilty sinners, turn
To the Lord ;
Ye guilty sinners, turn,
Or else in hell you'll burn,
And there for ever mourn,
In despair.

Christ waits to save you now,
I believe—
Christ waits to save you now,
I believe !
For you the Saviour died,
And from his wounded side
Flows down a crimson tide,
For your souls.

52.

All things below are vain.

VANITY of vanities,
All is vain on earth below,
This the preacher does declare,
And echo says, "Tis so,"

Life is but an airy dream,
Life is vain, and hastens by ;
Long to some the seasons seem,
Yet swift the seasons fly.

Like a bubble on the stream,
Like a meteor's sudden glare,
Pleasure is another dream,
The preacher does declare.

Riches make them wings, and fly
From their owner's worldly hand ;
Some are stripp'd before they die,
And poor and naked stand.

To the pinnacle of fame
Ardently do some aspire ;
Honour is an empty name,
A phantom to desire.

Here to-day our friends we have,
Free from every anxious care ;
And to-morrow to the grave
Their mortal dust we bear.

"Vanity of vanities,"
Time the humbling fact explains ;
Lasting things are in the skies—
The word of God remains.

53.

Help Thou Me.

GRACIOUS God, enthron'd on high,
A "Help thou me," was David's cry,
I will make his prayer my own,
Help thou me, thou Holy One.

Help me, Saviour, when I pray,
Help me in the narrow way,
Help me when my deadly foes,
My immortal soul enclose.

In affliction's painful hour,
Manifest thy saving power ;
Help thou me, Almighty Lord,
Still to rest upon thy word.

Help me in my dying day,
When my spirit soars away ;
Help me through the swelling river,
And I'll praise thy name for ever.

54.

Take heed what ye hear.

HOW and what you hear take heed,
Some would mix the holy seed,
With their notions vague and vain,
Offspring of a muddled brain.

Some do hear with itching ears,
Nothing right to them appears,
Nothing which they hear or read,
But their own peculiar creed.

Hear believing, hear with prayer,
Thus your ground for seed prepare ;
Pray that truth may deeply root,
Spring, and bear immortal fruit.

Hear and practice day by day,
They are bless'd who do obey ;
Let the word dwell in thy heart
Light and life it will impart.

55.

Spring up, O Well—P.M.

ISRAEL sang in ancient days,
Spring up, O well ;
Still believing Israel says,
" Spring up, O well."
God his promise did fulfil,
And the people drank their fill,
Singing as they gazed still,
" Spring up, O well."

Jesu's side a fountain is,
Spring up, O well ;
Sending forth rich streams of bliss,
Spring up, O well.
So the holy scriptures teach,
Streams which do to all men reach ;
There's enough for all and each,
Spring up, O well.

Pool of mercy for the soul,
Spring up, O well ;
Let thy healing waters roll,
Spring up, O well.
Here the halt, the lame, the blind,
Here the dark polluted mind,
Now a perfect cure may find,
Spring up, O well.

Sink into the purple flood,
Spring up, O well ;
Rise into the life of God,
Spring up, O well ;
O thou poor desponding soul,
See for thee these waters roll,
Wilt thou not be now made whole ?
Spring up, O well.

Now in each believing heart,
Spring up, O well ;
Now thy cleansing power impart,
Spring up, O well
From pollution set us free,
As a well within us be,
Rise to all eternity.
Spring up, O well.

56.

The Believers Prayer—P.M.

HOLY Spirit, heavenly dove,
Shine on my soul ;
From thy royal throne above
Shine on my soul.
Now fulfil my heart's desire,
Now inflame me with thy fire,
Now my inmost soul inspire,
Shine, shine again.

From the altar send a coal,
Shine, shine again ;
O revive my drooping soul,
O shine again :
Make me holy and divine,
Make me altogether thine ;
For thy melting rays I pine,
Shine, shine again.

Purify my soul from sin,
 Shine, shine again ;
 Make me glorious all within,
 Shine, shine again.
 From all darkness set me free,
 Shoot thy quick'ning rays at me,
 And I'll shoot my prayers at thee,
 Shine, shine again.

Guide me in the royal road,
 Shine, shine again ;
 Lead me up to heaven and God,
 O shine again.
 O thou blessed Paraclete,
 Now thy work in me complete,
 Make me for thy mansion meet,
 Shine, shine again.

In thy temple reign alone,
 Shine, shine again ;
 Till my work on earth is done,
 O shine again ;
 From all sin preserve me free,
 Shine incessantly on me,
 And I'll try to shine for thee,
 Shine, shine again.

57.

The Gospel Ship—C.M.

WHAT vessel are you sailing in ?
 Declare to us the same ;
 Our vessel is the Gospel Ship,
 And Christ, our captain's name.

CHO—Unfurl your sails to catch the gales,
 Each sailor ply his oar,
 The city bright appears in sight,
 We soon shall reach the shore.

Pray what's the port to which you sail ?
 Declare to us straightway—
 The heaven of immortal bliss,
 The realms of endless day.

Jehovah did this vessel form,
 Her Maker is divine ;
 And at the head the cross of Christ
 Is fixed for a sign.

Our compass is the sacred word,
 Our anchor, gospel hope—
 The love of God our main topsail,
 And faith our cable rope.

And are you not afraid some storm
 Your barque will overwhelm ?
 We cannot fear, the Lord is here,
 Our Father's at the helm.

We've look'd astern, and many toils
 The Lord has brought us through ;
 We're looking now ahead, and lo !
 The land appears in view.

Hoist out the boat, I'll go along,
 If you can find me room ;
 We've room for you, and all mankind—
 Make no delay, but come.

The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The heavens above are clear,
 The city bright appears in sight,
 We're getting round the pier.

58.

The best wine runs last—P.M.

COME, thou who didst turn the water to wine,
And fill with thy grace this poor heart of mine ;
I am not contented with what is now past,
I know, by experience, the best wine runs last.

I sit as a guest in the means of grace,
Thy servants have told me that this is my place ;
Much I have received in times which are past,
And still I am seeking—the best wine runs last.

I feel in my soul a desire to prove
The height and depth of thy dying love ;
My sins, which are many, behind thee are cast,
But still I need cleansing—the best wine runs last.

From vessel to vessel, command them to pour,
Console me with flagons, let this be the hour ;
My soul at the fountain of mercy I cast,
Believing, and proving the best wine runs last.

'Tis good to feel guilt removed from the soul,
'Tis better to be made entirely whole ;
To have no fear at present for what is now past,
But in heaven for ever the best wine runs last.

59.

Fight and Conquer—P.M.

COME, arise—come, arise—
'Tis your Captain who cries,
Unto battle and victory go ;
Your enemies are in the field,
Gird on your armour, take the shield,
Come, arise, &c.

Form a square, form a square,
Take the weapon of all prayer,
And gird up your loins with the truth ;
With the spirit's sharp and two-edg'd sword
Go fight for Jesus Christ the Lord.
Form a square, &c.

Keep your ranks, keep your ranks,
And strengthen the flanks,
And come forward all you in the rear,
Our enemies shall flee away,
And we shall win the well-fought day.
Keep your ranks, &c.

Still believe, still believe,
We the victory shall have ;
Faith and prayer have their wonders
perform'd,
They once did stay the setting sun,
And the moon o'er the valley of Ajalon
Still believe, &c.

When we've done, when we've done,
And the victory is won,
We to mansions of glory shall rise,
Before the throne of Jehovah stand,
With crown on the head, and palm in hand,
When we've done.

When we meet, when we meet,
We each other will greet,
And march through the heavenly plain,
With angels there unite to sing,
The boundless praises of our King,
When we meet, &c.

60.

Come to Jesus—P.M.

THE Lord who is exalted high,
Invites poor sinners to draw nigh :
Come then with boldness to the throne
Where mercy waits for every one,
Come to Jesus, &c.

He suffer'd once upon the tree,
He rose again to set you free,
Your sins he can and will remove,
And fill you with his dying love,
I believe it, &c.

It matters not how vile you are,
The Lord will not despise your prayer,
But will to bless you condescend,
For Jesus is the sinner's friend,
He will save you, &c.

O listen to his gracious call,
He waits to bless both great and small ;
His hand is on you now for good,
Only believe, believe in God,
Don't you feel it ? &c.

We see the work of God revive,
The dead in sins are made alive,
The mourners enter into rest,
Backsliders are reclaim'd and blest,
He revives us, &c.

Many who once were far astray,
Are brought into the narrow way :
Still may the blessed cause increase,
And all its members live in peace.
We are rising, &c.

In Jesu's name we'll march along,
Though we are weak, our Lord is strong,
Our enemies he will defeat,
And lay them prostrate at our feet,
We shall conquer, &c.

From earth we shortly shall remove,
To join the church in realms above,
There sing the Lamb for sinners slain,
World without end, Amen, amen, &c.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, &c.

61.

The Church Returning—P.M.

WE are returning, we are returning,
To Zion, our city above,
With joy upon each head,
And distress and sorrow fled,
And singing of Jesus' love.

Angels are waiting, angels are waiting,
To bear us triumphant away,
On their wings we soon shall rise,
To our mansions in the skies,
To the realms of celestial day.

We shall join prophets, we shall join prophets,
With patriarchs in glory sit down,
With apostles we shall sing
Hallelujah to our King,
And with martyrs inherit the throne.

We shall see Michael, we shall see Gabriel,
In regions of permanent day ;
With the knowing cherubim,
And the flaming seraphim,
In glory we ever shall stay.

Tongues cannot tell us, tongues cannot tell us
 The bliss we in heaven shall share :
 The Lamb shall be our light,
 And there shall be no more night,
 Nor curse, nor affliction be there.

Then with what rapture, then with what
 rapture,
 The ransom'd millions shall sing,
 With a golden harp in hand,
 We around the throne shall stand,
 And hosannahs resound from each string.

62.

The Sabbath.

THE Sabbath, the sabbath, the Sabbath of rest,
 The day which Jehovah has hallow'd and blest,
 The day set apart for His service below :
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

To the temple we go on this hallow'd day,
 To hear the blest word, to praise, and to pray ;
 It sweetens the cup of our sorrow below :
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

'Tis the "charter" of heaven to mortals assign'd
 For the rest of the body, the feast of the mind ;
 When the heralds of mercy do run to and fro,
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

The Sabbath, the Sabbath, the "pearl" of our days,
 We hail its blest dawn, its bright cheering rays ;
 Like pilgrims refresh'd, our journey we go :
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

'Tis the "torch" of our time, 'tis the "light" of the week
 In its light we rejoice, of its pleasures we speak ;
 Our love for the Sabbath by acts we will show :
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

Our Sabbaths on earth as they come we will spend
 In prospect of one which is never to end,
 In the land of the free, where life's river does flow:
 Shall we give up the Sabbath? ah never! ah no.

63.

The Pilgrim's Song of Hope.

SAFE in the promised land,
 From every evil free,
 Crown'd with the victor's fadeless wreath
 Of immortality!

CHORUS.

My journey I pursue,
 My cross with patience bear,
 And sing the cheering song of hope—
 "There'll be no sorrow there!"

I hail the happy day,
 The day of my release,
 When through the pearly gates of bliss
 I enter into peace.
 My journey, &c.

In that bright world above,
 Remains a rest for me,—
 A robe of pure and spotless white,
 A palm of victory!
 My journey, &c.

Nor night nor death is there,
 No parting sounds are heard,
 Absent from this vile house of clay,
 And present with the Lord!
 My journey, &c.

There sever'd friends unite,
On that celestial plain,
And bask in pure unsullied light,
And never part again.
My journey, &c.

Farewell, delusive world,
I gladly part with thee,
More pleasing sounds and sights than thine
I soon shall hear and see!
My journey, &c.

64.

The last words of Christ—C.M.

UPON the cross the Saviour hung,
And there he shed his blood;
Seven flowing streams were open'd then—
A soul-renewing flood.

While hanging on the shameful tree,
Seven times aloud he cried;
And then while darkness hung around
The Prince of Glory died.

And did he plead seven times for me,
That I might be forgiven?
I'll imitate those cries, my Lord,
And pray my way to heaven.

From deep conviction will I pray,
And thy last words repeat:
O let my prayer acceptance find,
Before thy mercy seat!

"FORGIVE ME, FATHER, O FORGIVE!"
My heart by grace renew;
I did not know what once I did,
When I did sin pursue.

Help me, O Lord, to look to thee,
My Father and my God;
And now "BEHOLD THY DYING SON"—
I plead his precious blood!

Say to me in my final hour,
When from the earth I flee—
"THIS DAY IN PARADISE ON HIGH,
THOU SHALT ASCEND WITH ME!"

"I THIRST" for more of heavenly grace—
"I THIRST" for Jesus' mind—
"I THIRST" for heaven, that land of peace,
May I that glory find.

"FORSAKE ME NOT" in that dread hour,
When soul and body part;
"FORSAKE ME NOT," but still sustain
My faint and feeble heart.

O may I die in holy peace,
And triumph in the end;
"TIS FINISH'D!" dying may I say,
And to my rest ascend.

65.

Never mind.

ART thou distressed, opprest, and poor?
Never mind!
The promise unto such is sure,
Never mind!

Tho' thorny be thy path below,
Tho' call'd to drink the cup of woe,
Tho' storms arise, and tempests blow,
Never mind!

Tho' thou art tempted much, and tried,
Never mind!
In Jesus Christ thy refuge hide,
Never mind!

On Him thy care and trouble cast,
Cling to the cross and hold it fast,
Thy sweet release will come at last,

Never mind !

Altho' the fig tree blossom not,

Never mind !

The seed may 'neath the furrow rot,

Never mind !

The flocks and herds may fail and die,
The fields may yield thee no supply,
Thy God is ever strong and nigh,

Never mind !

Tho' pale affliction be thy lot,

Never mind !

Submit to God, and murmur not,

Never mind !

The shorter mortal life may be,
The earlier immortality,
A crown of glory waits for thee,

Never mind !

Tho' lover and acquaintance dead,

Never mind !

Tho' every earthly friend be fled,

Never mind !

Jesus is thy unchanging friend,
He will thy fainting heart defend,
He will be with thee to the end,

Never mind !

In death no hand may wipe thy brow,

Never mind !

No one may say, "Lord, help him now,"

Never mind !

No passing bell for thee may toll,
No tears from eyes of friends may roll,
Angels shall waft away thy soul,

Never mind !

Tho' o'er thy dust no tomb they place,

Never mind !

This will not thee the least disgrace,

Never mind !

Thy lasting record is on high,
Where pleasures never fade and die,
Where thou shalt live eternally,

Never mind !

66.

'Tis better on before—C.M.

THE Christian plods his weary way,
Towards the blissful shore,
And sings with cheerful heart and voice—
" 'Tis better on before !"

His passage through the desert lies,
Where furious lions roar ;
With staff in hand, he shouts aloud—
" 'Tis better on before !"

When tempted to forsake his God,
And give the journey o'er,
He hears a voice, which says—" Look up !
" 'Tis better on before !"

When pale affliction clouds his cheek,
And death stands at the door,
Hope cheers him with her sunniest note—
" 'Tis better on before !"

And when on Jordan's banks he stands,
And views the radiant shore,
Bright angels whisper "Come away,
" 'Tis better on before !"

And so it is, for high in heaven,
They never suffer more ;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm—
" 'Tis better on before !"

Nor night, nor death, nor parting sounds,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
But peace, and joy, and endless life,
" 'Tis better on before !"

67.

Faith, Hope, and Charity—L.M.

FAITH is that principle divine,
Which makes all other graces shine
Its object is the living God,
And Christ who shed his precious blood.

Hope is a grace by Jesus given,
To cheer the pilgrim on to heaven ;
In darkest seasons clips her wings,
And through the desert sweetly sings.

But holy, heavenly Charity,
Is called the greatest of the three ;
When the last hour of time is past,
Sweet Charity will live and last.

Faith says "On Jesus I believe,"
Hope says, "Ere long I shall receive,"
And Charity—celestial grace—
Keeps panting for its native place !

Faith rests on the Atoning blood—
Hope builds upon the Word of God—
And Charity makes Christians here,
Like those who do in heaven appear.

Like Abraham may I still believe—
Like Hannah wait till I receive—
Like John, whose hopes were fix'd above,
May I my great Redeemer love.

68.

Sweet Things—P.M.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath's return,
The day which Jehovah has blest ;
When the timeworn, the labouring man,
From his toils, and his labours does rest,
When the saint to the Temple repairs,
To join with his brethren there,
To unite in the service of song,
To offer the incense of prayer.

How sweet is the gospel we hear,
How cheering the soul-saving word ;
'Tis sweeter than honey by far,
The gospel of Jesus, my Lord ;
May all who are present to-day,
The message of mercy believe,
And pardon in Jesus's name ;
And all other blessings receive.

How sweet are the pleasures of hope,
Which mortals on earth entertain,
When friends sever'd here for awhile,
Unite with each other again.
How sweet, when in regions above,
The saints shall together unite ;
Where all is immortal repose,
Jehovah and Jesus their light.

69.

Higher still—P.M.

THERE are things in religion which eye hath not seen,
And heavenly places where we have not been ;
To these we ascend with increasing desire,
Since Jesus enjoins us his friends to go higher.

In the plains of desire no longer we stop,
True piety ever implies going up ;
Unwearied, undaunted, press on and not tire,
Since Jesus enjoins us as friends to go higher.

Up, up, to the cross, we for pardon will go,
And up to the fountain where mercy does flow ;
And up to the altar, partake of its fire,
Since Jesus enjoins us as friends to go higher.

Up, up, to the closet, and up to the throne,
And up to the Temple where oft we have gone ;
And up to the standard of truth we aspire,
Since Jesus enjoins us as friends to go higher.

And up through the wilderness we will proceed,
The angel of God shall the ransomed lead ;
And the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of fire,
For Jordan we'll march still higher and higher.

And when to the banks of the river we come,
We'll sing of salvation in prospect of home ;
While glorified millions in spotless attire,
Shall beckon us over, and say, Come up higher.

And then in the regions of boundless delight,
Where comes nor temptation, nor sorrow, nor night ;
We'll sing the loud anthem with heaven's bright choir,
Ascending for ever, still higher and higher.

70.

Serious Thoughts.

MANY will miss of heaven at last,
Who never till the last begin,
To think about this blest retreat,
Just when they should be entering in.

The world, and things of time, and sense,
Engross their time and take the heart,
They never think to part with sin,
Till soul and body have to part.

Some vainly think, that they the means
Within their reach shall ever have,
They therefore leave their chief concern ;
To do when dropping in the grave.

Wrong views of God they entertain,
Wrong views of true religion too ;
And laugh at those whose lives are pure,
And who a different course pursue.

He who would have a crown of life,
Must holy live, and holy die ;
Who serves his master here below,
Shall see his Master's face on high.

71.

Heaven upon the earth—C.M.

HE who has undergone the change,
The new, or second birth,
Enjoys while in this vale of tears,
A heaven on the earth.

Is heaven a place where peace abounds ?
He who has left his sin,
Enjoys in earth and every place,
A holy calm within.

Does heaven imply celestial joy,
A state of perfect bliss ?
He who on Jesus Christ believes,
Enjoys a sense of this.

Is heaven a place where kindred souls,
Do altogether blend?
The christian in this life enjoys
Communion with his friend.

Do rivers run and fountains flow,
Divinely, rich, and free?
The Christian to his Lord can say,
My springs are all in thee.

'Tis heaven within, and heaven without,
'Tis heaven upon the earth;
To him who knows the blissful change,
The new or second birth.

72.

Nothing unclean shall enter heaven—P.M.

THE golden streets of Zion's city,
Where all the saints at last shall meet;
Shall not be trodden by the sinner,
The guilty man has muddy feet.

Nought unclean shall ever enter,
That unbounded world of bliss;
He who would in that be happy,
Must be cleans'd from sin in this.

Those who sing the lofty anthem,
Sing of Jesus' precious blood,
Blood by which they were redeemed,
Sanctified, and brought to God.

Dream not thou of holy triumph,
You must fight if you would reign,
You must run the race to glory,
If the prize you would obtain.

Up this moment, and be doing,
Call on God in earnest pray'r,
Wash in the soul-saving fountain,
Never rest till you are there.

73.

The Preference.—P.M.

THE land which we inherit
Is not the land for me,
I seek a better country,
More healthful, and more free,
The land of pure unbounded love,
Bright Canaan in the realms above,
The king I there shall see,
O! that's the land for me.

The dwellings of the mighty
Is not the home for me,
I seek a brighter mansion,
There I shall happy be,
Secure it will for ever stand
In heaven's bright and better land;
From sin and sorrow free,
O that's the home for me.

The pleasures some are seeking,
Are not the joys for me,
No rose on earth we gather,
Is from its thorn set free.
But in that happy world on high,
True pleasures never fade and die;
There I shall happy be,
O that's the bliss for me,

The tinsel'd robes of fashion,
Are not the robes for me,
I seek a better garment,

From spot and tarnish free,
The robe of pure and perfect love,
The dress of happy saints above,
Where all as one agree,
O that's the robe for me.

74.

I am going Home.—C.M.

ALONG the desert path of life,
With steady pace I roam ;
If any ask me whither bound,
I answer, going home.

I have no bidding city here,
I seek for one to come,
High in the climes of endless bliss,
There stands my future home.

When satan tempts, and sin assails,
And billows heave and foam,
I shall enjoy an endless calm
When I arrive at home.

In that divine and safe retreat,
Nor night, nor death can come,
My sun will there no more go down,
In heaven my happy home.

There rivers of delight flow on,
There trees immortal bloom ;
My rest no more will be disturb'd
In my celestial home.

I soon shall hear bright angels say,
Away to glory come ;
Death will take down my shatter'd frame,
And I shall be at home.

75.

Thy will be done.

O THOU, the high and lofty One,
I bend before thy gracious throne,
And there to thee devoutly pray,
And with my dying Master say,
Thy will be done.

When from thy sanctuary, Lord,
(Where I have heard or spoke thy word,)
I am withheld by constant pain,
I would not, Lord, be heard complain :
Thy will be done.

When overwhelmed with anxious care,
When up the steep my cross I bear,
In my distress I'll look to thee,
And still my constant theme shall be,
Thy will be done.

If poverty should be my lot,
I'll be resigned, and murmur not,
But constantly I'll cry to thee,
That rich in faith my soul may be :
Thy will be done.

When persecuted for thy sake,
My cross, in Jesu's name, I'll take,
And through the fire pursue my way,
And as I pass sincerely say,
Thy will be done.

When friends are taken from me here,
When called to shed the parting tear,
Resigned to thy most holy will,
I'll kiss the rod, and love thee still:
Thy will be done.

When satan tempts my inmost soul,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
Spread out thy all-protecting wing,
And underneath I'll sit and sing,
Thy will be done.

When in affliction's furnace tried,
In thee alone will I confide,
Thy arm alone shall me sustain,
Till dust returns to dust again ;
Thy will be done.

When death shall come with my release,
Like Simeon, may, I die in peace,
And as from earth I pass away,
In my last moments sweetly say,
Thy will be done.

76.

The way to despair.

THE way to death and dark despair,
Leads through the street of "I don't care;"
A mixed host, a motley throng,
From age to age do rush along,
And towards the terminus repair,
And sing, while passing, "I don't care."

The youth, whose pious mother's dead—
"Decide for Christ," she often said,
And with the tear-drop in her eyes
Exclaimed, "My son, be wise, be wise :"
As though he had forgot her prayer,
He sins, and says, "Well, I don't care."

The man, with oaths upon his tongue,
Swears on, although he knows 'tis wrong,
To passion and to lust a slave,
Yet in some circles called brave,
He teaches other lips to swear,
And when reproved, says, "I don't care."

The busy, worldly-minded man,
Pursues his money-getting plan,
Obtains his wishes, gains his wealth,
And in the struggle loses health ;
He said, "I have no time for prayer,
And for religion I don't care."

But care, whatever shifts men try,
Will come upon them by-and-by,
Out from its ambush it will dart,
And seize upon the careless heart,
And prove the road to dark despair,
Leads through the street of "I don't care."

Like to a stealthy thief 'twill come,
And find you all secure at home,
And then you'll feel, if not till then,
Yourselves are turned to other men ;
Where sat indifference sits, despair,
Here ends the street of "I don't care."

77.

Hymn for the Times—P.M.

O Thou, who art enthroned on high,
Regard a prostrate nation's cry,
Our sorrows heal, our wants redress,
For Thou alone hast power to bless ;
O God, to us propitious be,
Dona pacem, Domine.

The trump of war is sounding loud,
And o'er us hangs the threat'ning cloud ;
The orphan sighs, the widow weeps,
Whose husband near his foeman sleeps ;
O hear our prayer, propitious be,
*Dona pacem, Domine.**

Great armies to the fight advance,
With deadly weapons, sword and lance ;
Thousands do fall on either side,
A nation's boast, a nation's pride
O God, to us propitious be,
Dona pacem, Domine.

O Thou the Holy and the Just,
Behold us humbled in the dust,
Thou present help in time of need,
O bind and heal the hearts that bleed ;
And now to us propitious be,
Dona pacem, Domine.

We read in thy most holy word,
That prayer by thee has oft been heard ;
O God, to us incline again,
The residue of wrath restrain ;
And now to us propitious be,
Dona pacem, Domine.

Eternal Majesty divine,
The praise and glory all be thine ;
In thee we live, and move, and breathe,
The slaying sword in mercy sheathe ;
Defeat or conquest is with thee,
Dona pacem, Domine.

*Give peace, O Lord.

78.

The Good Man's Litany—P.M.

FOR all who are by sins opprest,
With tearful eyes and heaving breast,
We now appeal, O Lord, to thee ;
O set the struggling spirit free :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

For kings and rulers we would pray,
Help these to walk in wisdom's way,
Their councils guide, direct, and bless,
And may they rule in righteousness :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

For those who are distressed and poor,
Who much privation do endure,
Who often pine for want of bread,
May these be cloth'd, and warm'd, and fed :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord,

For all who are in prisons bound,
For all who labour under ground ;
The bleeding heart in mercy bind,
And heal and raise the drooping mind :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

We pray for those who preach thy word,
For those by whom that word is heard ;
O may the glorious gospel sound,
And spread to earth's remotest bound :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

The widow in thy mercy bless,
The orphan, and the fatherless,
A husband and a father be,
And may they ever trust in thee :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Our soldiers and our sailors bless,
And in our times, O grant us peace ;
Lay every evil passion low,
And despotism overthrow :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

O God, in mercy bless the Jews,
Who do thy Christ as yet refuse,
The veil remove from every heart,
And saving light and life impart :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

The heathen and the pagan bless,
And every child of Adam's race ;
For all mankind we humbly pray,
Let all mankind thy will obey :
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

79.

Look Alive—P.M.

LOOK alive, look alive,
From thy slumbers now awake,
Thou hast got a deathless soul
And eternal life at stake ;
There's no room for trifling here,
He who would succeed, must strive,
Cast all lethargy away,
Look alive.

Look alive, look alive,
Sit thou down, and count the cost,
Thine will be a fearful wreck,
If thy deathless soul be lost,
Nothing can that loss repair ;
Now in very earnest strive,
Watch continual to prayer,
Look alive.

Look alive, look alive,
There is plenty to be done,
Thou hast got a fight to fight,
Thou hast got a race to run ;
Every day its sorrows bring,
Every day thou hast to strive,
Enemies are all alert,
Look alive.

Look alive, look alive,
See, the world in ruin lies,
Think of millions rushing on
To the death which never dies,
Point them to the bleeding cross,
Urge, expostulate, and strive,
Pluck the brands out of the fire,
Look alive.

80.

Encouragement—P.M.

OYE that are mourning and grieving for sin,
Whose tears in abundance do flow,
The Lord, whom ye seek, to his temple will come,
And beauty for ashes bestow.

Think not that he'll turn you away with a frown,
And banish to regions of woe,
He'll take you, and bless you with pardon and peace,
And beauty for ashes bestow.

Your sins, like a mountain, to heaven may rise,
Yet the blood, which for sinners did flow,
Shall level the mountain, and make it a plain,
And beauty for ashes bestow.

Temptation and sorrow may here be thy lot,
 Whilst thou art a pilgrim below,
 The Saviour, who bids thee to take up thy cross,
 Will beauty for ashes bestow.

Then flee to the cross as thy refuge and hope,
 And firmly on Jesus believe,
 Trust only on him, for he only can bless,
 And beauty for ashes he'll give.

Thy path may be devious, intricate, and steep,
 But thy rest will be lasting in heaven ;
 For the cross there's a crown, for the thorn there's a throne,
 And beauty for ashes in heaven.

81.

Christians Encouraged—C.M.

WALK on with bold and manly step,
 Ye followers of the Lord,
 Guided by the unerring truth,
 Jehovah's sacred word.

Dark clouds may sweep the changing sky,
 Eclipse the upper lights,
 And spread their gloomy shadows o'er
 The valleys and the heights.

A shining light is in those clouds,
 To cheer thee on thy way,
 And they shall break in blessings soon,
 Or quickly pass away.

To God in earnest make thy prayer,
 Whatever may betide,
 His arm shall be thy sure defence,
 His word shall be thy guide.

And when thy toils shall reach a close,
 The crown shall then be given,
 And earth, with all its wants and woes,
 Shall be exchanged for heaven.

82.

The Death of Christ—P.M.

UPON the rugged wood,
 The Maker of the skies,
 The Holy and the Good,
 Now dies—
 Messiah dies,
 Dies.

O hear his dying word,
 "My God, my God," he cries,
 Jesus, my Saviour, Lord,
 Now dies—
 My Saviour dies,
 Dies.

He hangs with arms spread wide,
 While guilty men despise,
 With pierced hands and side,
 He dies—
 My Jesus dies,
 Dies.

The sun withholds his light,
 Dark clouds obscure the skies,
 While Jesus wins the fight,
 And dies—
 My Saviour dies,
 Dies.

The ransom price is paid,
 "Tis finished," lo ! he cries,
 The deep foundation laid,
 He dies—
 My Ransom dies,
 Dies.

83.

An Ode—P.M.

SPIRITS, from the courts above,
 Burning with celestial love,
 On your wings my spirit bear,
 Upward through the trackless air,
 Bear me to the land of rest,
 Bear me to my Saviour's breast :
 Earth, adieu—and friends, farewell—
 Haste I with my Lord to dwell.

Spirits, ever fair and bright,
 From the shining realms of light,
 Bear, O bear me on your wings,
 Bear me to the King of Kings,
 Take me to that blest abode,
 Take me to the living God :
 Earth, adieu—and friends, farewell—
 Haste I with my Lord to dwell.

Earthly things I gladly leave,
 All the fading toys beneath,
 Pleasures, honours I resign,
 Heaven and endless life are mine,
 There my lasting treasure lies,
 Far beyond the star-lit skies :
 Earth, adieu—and friends, farewell—
 Haste I with my Lord to dwell.

Spirits, from the spirit land,
 Who before Jehovah stand,
 Ever holy, ever strong,
 Lo! I come to join your song,
 Round the high and radiant throne,
 Of the high and lofty One :
 Earth, adieu—and friends, farewell—
 Haste I with my Lord to dwell.

84.

Where are our departed Friends?—P.M.

WHERE are our departed friends,
 Who have left this vale of woe ?
 Do their souls in silence sleep ?
 The bible answers, "No."

They are where they long'd to be
 Near the great Redeemer's throne,
 Sharing uncreated bliss,
 Where sorrow is unknown.

They are safe arrived at home,
 In their Father's house above,
 Bathing in the boundless sea
 Of everlasting love.

They are with the living God,
 He in whom they here did trust,
 They have joined the ransom'd church,
 The spirits of the just.

Here they lived to God alone,
 Lived a life of faith and prayer ;
 Prayer is ended, praise begun,
 And they are happy there.

They are where I hope to be,
 When, like them, I'm called to die,
 In their mansions fair and bright,
 Beyond the starry sky.

85.

The Pilgrim's Triumph—P.M.

UPON bold Jordan's banks he stood,
 And looked across the river,
 And to his friends he smiling said,

"I there shall rest for ever ;"
The sweat hung on his faded brow,
He faintly said, "I'm dying now."

The fear of death was far removed,
His mind was free from sadness,
A smile played o'er his blanched cheeks,
His soul was filled with gladness ;
"I'm waiting for my Lord," he said,
"And soon shall join the Holy dead."

"O cease, my friends, to weep for me,
Dry up those tears of sorrow,
My soul will stand on Zion's Hill,
Before this time to-morrow ;
Death, do thine office now on me,
Break off my bands, and set me free."

While thus he spake, a wave came up,
And swept him to the river,
"Farewell, my friends," he smiling said,
"I die to live for ever,
In God alone I place my trust,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

86.

All is Right—P.M.

ALL is right, all is right,
With the man who is forgiven,
Who has got a blooming hope,
Of eternal life in heaven,
Whose immortal soul is fill'd,
With divine and heavenly light,
God, his Father—Christ, his Friend,
All is right.

All is right, all is right,
Calm and tranquil is his soul,
Calm amidst the storms of life,
Calm while raging billows roll,
Happy, happy all day long,
Happy through the lonely night,
Fill'd with holy peace and joy,
All is right.

All is right, all is right,
Looking over what is past,
God has took his guilt away,
And his sins behind him cast,
Now he feels his presence sweet ;
In the darkness there is light,
Heaven is his endless home,
All is right.

87.

For what is your life—4 8's and 2 6's.

O H, what is life? we well may say,
A vapour, vanishing away,
A shadow, passing by,
A stately vessel, sailing fast,
A post, which hurries swiftly past,
A flower, which soon does die.

Life is the only season given,
For men to be prepared for heaven,
For never-ending bliss ;
We soon shall reap what here we sow,
Eternal happiness, or woe,
Our only seed-time this.

Another deathless soul is gone,
To stand before the radiant throne
Of the eternal God ;
Sav'd by the power of Jesu's grace,
And fitted for the holy place,
By faith in Jesu's blood,

The spirit, freed from cumbrous clay,
 Now dwells in realms of endless day,
 And joins the ransom'd there,
 Basks in the beams of endless light,
 Enjoys the beatific sight,
 Where comes nor grief nor care.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 Surviving friends, resign your trust,
 The body to the tomb,
 The spirit unto God who gave,
 To Christ the Lord, who died to save,
 In paradise to bloom.

88.

The Pre-existence of Christ—C.M.

BEFORE the universe was made,
 High on his Father's throne,
 In glorious majesty arrayed,
 Sat the Immortal One.

Co-equal with the Father he,
 And with the Spirit too,
 Prince of the everlasting Age,
 The living God and true.

Before an angel's voice was heard,
 Where now his face they see,
 He with the Father ever was,
 From all eternity,

By all the shining ranks above,
 Who sing the songs of heaven
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are equal honours given.

89.

Christ Precious—C.M.

JESUS is precious unto those
 Who in his name believe,
 Who him as Prophet, Priest, and King,
 And all in all receive.

His name, like ointment poured forth,
 Does life and health impart,
 Revives the drooping mind of man,
 And heals the wounded heart.

Precious when earthly friends desert,
 When foes in bands unite,
 When high the tide of sorrow rolls,
 And in affliction's night.

Precious at last, when death arrives
 To set the spirit free,
 More precious in that world of light
 And immortality.

90.

Christ Present—C.M.

WHENEVER two or three are met,
 To offer praise and prayer,
 The Saviour's precious promise is,
 My presence shall be there.

The meeting-place may be a field,
 A temple or a cot;
 All places are alike to him,
 Whose promise changeth not.

Present to justify and save,
To sanctify and bless,
To cheer the tempted pilgrim's soul,
O'erwhelm'd with deep distress.

Then let us take encouragement,
Though we are faint and few ;
If three are not dispos'd to come,
The Lord will meet with two.

91.

Come, come away—P.M.

HARK! 'tis the voice of the Saviour, who says,
Come, come away ;
Happy the man who the summons obeys,
Come, come away ;
Come to the temple for praise and for prayer,
The Lord of the temple will meet with you there,
Here in his courts for his kingdom prepare,
Come, come away.

Come to the cross, all stained with blood,
Come, come away ;
Come to the favour and mercy of God,
Come, come away ;
Come to the fountain, and there drink your fill,
Come all who thirst, come whoever will,
Jesus the Lord is inviting you still,
Come, come away.

Come to the skies to wear a bright crown,
Come, come away ;
Come, on the throne of your Lord to sit down,
Come, come away ;
The king in his beauty you there shall behold,
The city of God with streets paved with gold,
Where Jesus his glory will ever unfold,
Come, come away.

Come, with bright seraphs in glory to sing,
Come, come away ;
Loud hallelujahs to Jesus their King,
Come, come away ;
Come, come away to the great marriage feast,
Come, to inherit the long promised rest,
Come to the bosom of Christ and be blest,
Come, come away.

92.

Just Now—P.M.

WHO so glad, so blest as me,
Just now ?
Jesus Christ has set me free,
Just now.
My Beloved now is mine,
In his image now I shine,
On his bosom I recline,
Just now.

Guilty sinners turn to God,
Just now ;
Wash in the atoning blood,
Just now.
For your past offences grieve,
On your dying Lord believe,
And you shall his grace receive,
Just now.

Cast thine eyes to Calvary,
Just now ;
There the bleeding victim see,
Just now.
See his arms extended wide,
See the soul-renewing tide,
Run for shelter to his side,
Just now.

This is the accepted day,
 Just now ;
 Cast, O cast thy reeds away,
 Just now.
 Thou art coming to a King,
 Nothing as a ransom bring,
 To his cross in earnest cling,
 Just now.

93.

The Hallelujah Chorus—P.M.

SING the hallelujah chorus,
 Each one takes his proper place ;
 Bring your instruments of music,
 Treble, counter, tenor, bass ;
 Hallelujah ! sing redemption,
 Sing salvation full and free ;
 Mercy in rich streams is flowing,
 Flowing down from Calvary ;
 Sing the hallelujah chorus,
 Jesus Christ is all-victorious.

Sing it, sing it with the spirit,
 High your mellow voices raise,
 Sing aloud the world's Redeemer,
 Worthy of immortal praise ;
 Wake, my soul, and join the anthem,
 Harp, be thou no longer mute ;
 Take the cymbal, shout hosannah
 Take the sackbut, take the lute ;
 Sing the hallelujah chorus,—
 Jesus Christ is all-victorious.

Sing the hallelujah chorus,
 Satan from his seat is hurled,
 Truth is spreading and abounding,
 Through the nations of the world ;
 Pagan altars are forsaken,

Popish fables pass away,
 Night is passing—passing—passing,
 Followed by the light of day ;
 Sing the hallelujah chorus,
 Jesus Christ is all-victorious.

Emulate the blissful myriads,
 Who surround the throne above,
 Men and angels join in concert,
 Crown'd with glory, fill'd with love ;
 Like the sound of many waters,
 Rolling, rippling, rushing on,
 Joy and gladness everlasting,
 Trial ended, sorrow gone ;
 Sing the hallelujah chorus,
 Jesus Christ is all-victorious.

94.

Beautiful things in Heaven—L.M.

BEAUTIFUL things there are above,
 Beautiful sea of boundless love,
 Beautiful city, with streets of gold,
 Beautiful scenes do still unfold.

Beautiful mount, the holy hill,
 Beautiful fountains flowing still,
 Beautiful rest which ne'er shall cease,
 Beautiful never-ending peace.

Beautiful high and radiant throne,
 Beautiful rivers rolling on,
 Beautiful mansions there do stand,
 Beautiful trees adorn the land.

Beautiful angels loudly sing,
 Beautiful songs to Christ their King ;
 Beautiful life and beautiful light,
 Beautiful day without a night.

Beautiful crowns the ransom'd wear,
 Beautiful bliss the ransom'd share;
 Beautiful palms to them are given,
 All is beautiful up in heaven.

95.

Beautiful things are on the Earth—L.M.

BEAUTIFUL things there are below,
 In this terrestrial vale of woe,
 Beautiful valleys, and beautiful hills,
 Beautiful rivers, and beautiful rills.

Beautiful sun, which shines by day,
 Beautiful stars and milky way,
 Beautiful moon, which shines by night,
 Beautiful rainbow, beautiful light.

Beautiful seasons, revolving round,
 Beautiful flowers adorn the ground,
 Beautiful trees, with fruit so rare,
 Beautiful dewdrops, beautiful air.

Beautiful bible, the sacred word,
 Beautiful knowledge of Christ the Lord;
 Beautiful chapels adorn the land,
 Beautiful schools in order stand.

Beautiful promises we believe,
 Beautiful blessings we receive,
 Beautiful hymns we learn to sing,
 Beautiful songs to Christ our King.

Beautiful grace from heaven above,
 Beautiful faith, and hope, and love,
 Beautiful prospects inspire the breast,
 Beautiful foretastes of our rest.

96.

We shall meet again—P.M.

SOON we shall meet again,
 No more to sever,
 On Canaan's peaceful plain,
 Happy for ever;
 There we shall dwell on high,
 Tears wiped from every eye,
 There we no more shall sigh,
 Never, no never.

There we shall shout and sing,
 Down by the river,
 Glory to Christ our King,
 Glory for ever,
 There we shall all unite,
 Fill'd with immortal light,
 Where there is no more night,
 Never, no never.

There we shall ever see,
 Jesus the Saviour,
 From every sorrow free,
 Crowned for ever,
 Free from distracting care,
 Life everlasting share,
 Death cannot enter there,
 Never, no never.

Then let us strive to meet,
 No more to sever,
 Round the immortal seat,
 Happy for ever:
 Lean on your faithful Friend,
 On wings of faith ascend,
 Where pleasures never end,
 Never, no never.

97.

Not lost, but gone before—P.M.

YOUR brother sweetly sleeps in Jesus,
All his mortal toils are o'er,
Hid, for a season, from your presence ;
Not lost, but only gone before.

Now his soul no more is vexed,
All his sufferings here are o'er,
Pass'd he has from things terrestrial ;
Not lost, but only gone before.

Faith built a bridge across the river,
He has safely passed over,
Now he sings the song of triumph ;
Not lost, but only gone before,

Crown'd he is with life eternal,
Where temptation comes no more,
Where he sees the face of Jesus ;
Not lost, but only gone before.

Long he prayed to be delivered
From this dark and dreary shore,
Now his wishes are accomplished :
Not lost, but only gone before.

Do not wish him back to suffer,
From that bright and healthful shore,
He is safe, and rich, and happy ;
Not lost, but only gone before.

Strive to join him in that region,
Where the mourner sighs no more,
Then of you it shall be spoken,
Not lost, but only gone before.

98.

This is not your rest—P.M.

HEAR the word of holy caution,
You who are with pardon blest,
Here you've no abiding city,
For this is not your rest.

This is but the scene of action,
But a wilderness at best,
Up, and hasten on your journey,
For this is not your rest.

This is the place of preparation,
For the never-ending feast ;
Everything on earth is fading,
For this is not your rest.

Fasten on your gospel sandals,
You who are as pilgrims drest,
Take your staff, and climb the mountain,
For this is not your rest.

Far beyond this lower region,
Thou shalt soon be crown'd and blest,
There at God's right hand for ever,
There, pilgrim, there's thy rest.

99.

The cross of Christ—T.M.

I SING of Calvary's cross,
On which my Saviour bled,
Whereon he hung exposed,
And bowed his sacred head ;
My Saviour, God's beloved Son,
Did on the cross for sin atone.

There on that fatal tree,
 My Lord resigned his breath,
 And triumphed as he fell,
 And dying, conquered death ;
 I'll sing aloud the bleeding cross,
 And count all earthly things as dross.

Before mine eyes of faith
 The scenes are passing now,
 I see thy mangled form,
 And thorn encompassed brow,
 Thy bleeding hands, and head, and side,
 And mercy's soul-renewing tide.

There hangs all human hope ;
 The cross becomes the prop
 Which holds the universe
 And all creation up ;
 The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
 The death-bed of the Son of God.

The cross my meeting-place,
 My way-mark on the road,
 Which leads to endless life,
 To glory and to God,
 My plea before the throne of grace,
 My shelter, and my hiding place.

The cross my pilgrim staff
 Through this dark vale of woe,
 My matchless shield of faith,
 To ward away the blow,
 To quench the envenomed fiery dart,
 Aimed by the tempter at my heart.

Entwined around the cross
 A laurel branch I see,
 And on its leaves is wrote,

"I suffered this for thee,
 To expiate all human guilt,
 My life-blood on the cross was spilt.

In all the changing scenes,
 Experienced here below,
 In sickness and in health,
 In mortal weal or woe,
 Unto the cross I'll ever cling,
 And of the cross I'll ever sing.

When death appears in view,
 Solemn, momentous day,
 When from the scenes of earth
 I'm called to pass away ;
 Unto the cross in death I'll cling,
 And shout, O death ! where is thy sting ?

Then high in heaven above,
 Before the blissful throne,
 The triumphs of the cross,
 Shall be my theme alone ;
 I'll sing with all the glorified,
 It was for sinners Jesus died.

100.

Hope—C.M.

HOPE is a bright and lovely bird,
 Which spreads her golden wings,
 And like the nightingale by night,
 Most cheerfully she sings.

When sadness o'er our spirit comes,
 And grief, and sore dismay,
 Hope warbles out her sunniest notes,
 And sings, "away, away!"

Away, away to yonder throne,
 Sad spirit, now arise,
 Thy help is in thy God alone,
 Thy refuge in the skies.

Thy path may be a thorny one,
 And intricate, and steep,
 Yet there's an end, thy rest is near,
 And thou shalt cease to weep.

101.

Views of Heaven from Calvary—P.M.

UPON this hallowed mount, with telescope
 In hand,
 I stand to view the bright and better land,
 The land of rest,
 Where all the blest,
 In robes of white,
 In realms of light
 For ever sing,
 To Christ their King,
 The Son of God,
 Who shed his blood.

Blest land of rest, where sorrow cometh never,
 Where all is calm, and peace, and joy for ever,
 No night is there,
 Nor grief, nor care,
 No tearful eyes,
 No bitter sighs,
 No hidden grief,
 Without relief,
 They pine no more,
 Their toils are o'er.

There round the throne of the eternal God,
 They sing of him who shed his precious blood,
 Their race is run,
 The victory won,
 The voyage past,
 Hushed every blast,
 The prize is gained,
 The crown obtained,
 With glory blest,
 Secure they rest.

There death no more shall sever real friends,
 There hearts are one, and pleasure never ends,
 No tempter there,
 No need of prayer,
 Where all is praise,
 Through endless days,
 With cherubim,
 And seraphim,
 With powers and thrones,
 And living ones,
 United walk the golden streets above,
 And bathe in seas of everlasting love.

102.

Singing in Heaven—P.M.

HIGH before the throne in heaven,
 Loud, loud they sing,
 They whose sins have been forgiven,
 O how they sing;
 Unto him by blood who bought us,
 Who for bliss immortal wrought us,
 Who to heaven has safely brought us,
 Loud, loud they sing.

All our mortal toils are ended,
 O how they sing,
 To our rest we have ascended,
 Loud, loud they sing ;
 Far beyond the swelling river,
 Where affliction cometh never,
 Where the sun will shine for ever,
 O how they sing.

Farewell, tears of grief and sadness,
 O how they sing,
 Welcome, endless joy and gladness,
 O how they sing ;
 Now the victory is completed,
 Death and hell are both defeated,
 Now with Jesus we are seated,
 Loud, loud they sing.

Touched with the seraphic fire,
 Loud, loud they sing,
 Louder, sweeter, bolder, higher,
 O how they sing :
 Now we swell the lofty chorus,
 Glory in, around, and o'er us,
 Life eternal still before us,
 O how they sing.

103.

Linger no longer—P.M.

LINGER no longer, for time is fast flying,
 Days, months, and years are numbering fast,
 The period is nearing when thou wilt be dying,
 Thy purposes then will for ever be past ;
 Linger no longer.

Linger no longer, be up and be doing,
 Secure for thyself a mansion on high,
 Flee, flee to the mountain, escape endless ruin,
 For why wilt thou slight thy Redeemer, and die ?
 Linger no longer.

Linger no longer, the call which is given
 May never again be repeated to thee,
 O lay up a treasure of glory in heaven,
 Where all is serene, delightful, and free ;
 Linger no longer.

Linger no longer, thy best days are spending,
 Soon thou wilt be on the worst side thy prime,
 Like the sun on the dial thy days are declining,
 Away thou art going from earth and from time ;
 Linger no longer.

104.

Serious Thoughts—P.M.

AND must I yield at last,
 And give the contest o'er,
 Perish in sight of land,
 And founder near the shore ?

What, after all my tears
 And conflicts here below,
 Go down beneath a cloud,
 When I should upward go ?

Give up the fight at last,
 Just when it should be won ?
 Turn from the path of life,
 Just when my race is run ?

Forego my rest on high,
 Just when it should be given ?
 And cast away my hope,
 When I should enter heaven ?

Distrust my gracious God,
 Whose goodness I have known ?
 And let another take
 My never-fading crown ?

Be barren, cold, and dead,
 When I should be alive?
 And cease to grow in grace,
 When I in grace should thrive?

Nay, gracious God, forbid
 That I should linger here,
 O fill my soul with love,
 And sanctifying fear.

Help me to struggle on,
 Help me to struggle through,
 And every day and hour
 Do thou my strength renew.

Help me to bear my cross,
 Till thou shalt take it down,
 Then crown my soul on high,
 And thee with songs I'll crown.

105.

Make Haste—P.M.

HARK! a voice from heaven's crying,
 Make haste,
 Guilty sinner, helpless, dying,
 Make haste,
 If you would escape the burning,
 Endless death, and bitter mourning,
 Now's the time for your returning,
 Make haste.

Give your hearts just now to Jesus,
 Make haste,
 He from bondage does release us,
 Make haste,
 For your sins distress and grieving,
 All your old companions leaving,
 Come this moment, come believing,
 Make haste.

Poor backslider, give up folly,
 Make haste,
 Join again the wise and holy,
 Make haste,
 All thy wanderings now recounting,
 Look again to Calvary's mountain,
 See the soul-renewing fountain,
 Make haste.

Mourner, view the Saviour dying,
 Make haste;
 "Come to me," he now is crying,
 Make haste;
 Mourning, sighing, broken-hearted,
 O'er thy soul the light has darted,
 Thou for heaven art fairly started,
 Make haste.

Christian Soldier, come up higher,
 Make haste,
 Come and feel the holy fire,
 Make haste;
 Jesus' blood is purifying,
 This will cure thy inward sighing,
 This remove thy fear of dying,
 Make haste.

You who have been undecided,
 Make haste,
 Forward stepp'd, and then backslided,
 Make haste,
 Leave thy doubts and fears behind thee,
 These are things which tend to blind thee,
 These are cords which help to bind thee,
 Make haste.

106.

'Tis not Here—P.M.

'TIS not here, 'tis not here,
 In this crooked world below,
 Real happiness and joy
 Do not out of nature grow ;
 'Tis not in the courts of fame,
 Though the music sounds to cheer,
 Every vaulted room exclaims,
 'Tis not here.

'Tis not here, 'tis not here,
 In the gay and gaudy dress ;
 Under royal robes are found,
 Broken hearts and deep distress ;
 Monarchs seated on a throne,
 Often tremble, often fear ;
 Robes, and thrones, and crowns reply,
 'Tis not here.

'Tis not here, 'tis not here,
 In the heaps of shining gold ;
 Many grasp at worldly wealth,
 Peace for this is often sold,
 While they count their sordid dust,
 They are oft assail'd with fear ;
 Bags and coffers murmur out,
 'Tis not here.

'Tis not here, 'tis not here,
 In the haunts of pleasure round,
 Pleasing sights which may be seen,
 Happiness is more than sound ;
 Many laugh, and sing, and shout,
 But alas ! 'tis not sincere ;
 Every haunt aloud proclaims,
 'Tis not here.

It is there, it is there,
 In that lonely, humble cot,
 Where the inmate toils along,
 Bears his cross, and murmurs not,
 From his load of guilt set free ;
 Though no stranger he to care,
 Though his garb be coarse and plain,
 It is there.

It is there, it is there,
 God has on his spirit smiled,
 He who was a rebel once,
 Has become a loving child ;
 Now the heart which once was void,
 Has become a house of prayer,
 " All is well," he sweetly sings,
 It is there.

It is there, it is there,
 Though a stranger he to health,
 Though in poverty he lives,
 Stranger to the miser's wealth,
 Trusting in his God alone,
 " Help me, Lord," his daily prayer,
 Poor in pocket, rich in grace,
 It is there.

107.

The dying Saint—P.M.

HARK ! the angel bands are crying,
 Come, come away,
 To the pilgrim whilst he's dying,
 Come, come away ;
 From a world of grief and sadness,
 From temptation, sin, and madness,
 To eternal life and gladness,
 Come, come away.

To the rest which is for ever,
 Come, come away ;
 Come where death no more shall sever,
 Come, come away ;
 Come to glory, happy spirit,
 Come thy mansion to inherit,
 Come through thy Redeemer's merit,
 Come, come away.

Welcome to the throne of glory,
 Come, come away,
 Join thy friends who went before thee,
 Come, come away ;
 While thy tabernacle's rending,
 While thy latest breath is spending,
 And thy soul from earth ascending,
 Come, come away.

Where the seasons ever vernal,
 Come, come away ;
 Where the pleasures are eternal,
 Come, come away ;
 Where the saints the throne surrounding,
 Where the joys are still abounding,
 Where the harps are ever sounding,
 Come, come away.

108.

The Last Day—P.M.

WHAT an awful day 'twill be,
 When the Lord to judgment comes,
 Trumpets sounding long and loud,
 Rising dead, and bursting tombs.
 Nature shall at once decline,
 Mountains be on mountains hurled,
 Lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
 All around this sinking world.

Who can face the righteous Judge ?
 Who will bear the fiery test ?
 Those alone who love the Lord,
 And with pardon here are blest.

Every eye shall see him then,
 Every mortal shall be tried,
 Those who have his name confess'd.
 Those who have his name decried.

Sentences will then be pass'd,
 As the previous life has been ;
 Life or death, or heaven or hell,
 Then will close the awful scene.

109.

The happy day—P.M.

THERE is a day in the list of the past,
 O happy day,
 The day when my sins in oblivion were cast,
 O happy day ;
 Sinai's loud thunders around me did roll,
 Wave after wave did break o'er my soul,
 'Twas on that day the Lord made me whole,
 O happy day.

What then I felt I can never express,
 O happy day,
 Freely with pardon my Jesus did bless,
 O happy day ;
 When with my heart I believ'd on his name,
 Down to my soul the blest comforter came,
 Filling my heart with his heavenly flame,
 O happy day.

Go thou in peace to my spirit he said,
 O happy day,
 'Twas for thy sake that I suffer'd and bled,
 O happy day ;
 Freely my mercy to thee I impart,
 Freely to him I did render my heart ;
 'Twas on that day I for glory did start,
 O happy day.

On for the kingdom, I hasten along,
 O happy day,
 Christ is my rock, and his cross is my song,
 O happy day :
 Hope, blissful hope, does inspire my breast,
 Soon I shall come to the haven of rest,
 Then with a crown will my spirit be blest,
 O happy day.

110.

Hope—P.M.

IN the blissful realms of glory
 I shall soon be free and blest ;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.—

Where the tree of life is blooming,—
 Where distress is never known,—
 Where the victor rests for ever
 On the great Redeemer's throne.

There the ransom'd hosts in triumph,
 Their immortal anthems sing,
 While the heavenly arches echo,
 And with hallelujahs ring.

Former things are past for ever,
 Sin and sorrow fled away ;
 Dark and cheerless night is follow'd
 By a bright eternal day.—

Weeping time at last is ended—
 Reaping time at last is come—
 Sever'd friends again united—
 Pilgrims safe arriv'd at home ;—

Sackcloth laid aside for ever,
 All are robed in purest white,—
 All are holy, all are happy,
 Basking in immortal light.

111.

Jesus died—P.M.

ON Calvary's high and rugged top,
 Jesus died ;
 There, there he drank the bitter cup,
 There he died ;
 The earth did to its centre quake,
 The marble rocks asunder break,
 The dead did from their sleep awake,
 When he died.

To make atonement for our sins
 Jesus died,
 To let a flood of mercy in,
 Jesus died ;
 That guilty man may be set free,
 And here enjoy sweet liberty,
 And sing to all eternity,
 Jesus died.

He wore for us a thorny crown
 When he died,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
 When he died ;
 Down from his head, his hands, and feet,
 The purple streams together meet,
 Redemption now is all complete,
 Jesus died.

Before the throne of God I'll plead,
 Jesus died,
 My help in every time of need,
 Jesus died ;
 When Satan tempts my inmost soul,
 When sorrow's waves around me roll,
 This shall my wounded heart console—
 Jesus died.

On Jordan's stormy bank I'll sing,
 Jesus died,
 And shout, O death ! where is thy sting ?
 Jesus died ;
 Adieu, adieu, beloved friends,
 In peace my pilgrim journey ends,
 To heaven my ransom'd soul ascends,
 Jesus died.

Sinners, the blest announcement hear—
 Jesus died,
 Mourners discharge your every fear,
 Jesus died ;
 Backslider, know he died for thee,
 Repent, return, believe, be free,
 And look to mournful Calvary,
 Jesus died.

112.

Heaven Itself—S.M.

COME, let us sing of Heaven,
 That glorious world above,
 The Eden of undying bliss,—
 The land of perfect love.

CHORUS.—There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there ;
 In heaven's bright light, above all height
 There'll be no sorrow there.

Sing of its cloudless day,
 Sing of its lofty throne—,
 Its rivers of delight which flow,
 And roll for ever on.
 CHORUS.—There'll be no sadness there, &c.

Sing of its mansions bright,
 Its trees which ever bloom—
 Its pearly gates, and jasper walls,
 Where death can never come.
 CHORUS.—There'll be no dying there, &c.

Sing of its streets of gold,
 Sing of its robes of white,—
 Its dazzling crowns, its victors' palms,
 And pure, unsullied light,
 CHORUS.—There'll be no darkness there, &c.

Sing of its perfect rest,
 Where sin can never come—
 Its amaranthine bowers of bliss,
 The weary pilgrim's home.
 CHORUS.—There'll be no tempter there, &c.

Sing of its glorious sights,
 Which we in heaven shall see,—
 The Lamb of God who shed his blood,
 Who in the midst will be.
 CHORUS.—There'll be no weeping there, &c.

Sing till its glory breaks,
 Sing till its pleasures flow,
 Sing till each spirit feels within
 That heaven's begun below.
 CHORUS.—There'll be no parting there, &c.

113.

"I am Thine; Save me."

THOU' grief and sorrow be my lot,
At this I'll not repine;
My constant prayer and plea shall be,
"O save me—I am thine!"

When earthly friends forsake and leave,
And crafty foes combine,
I'll cling to thee, and thee alone—
"O save me—I am thine!"

When tempted to forsake my God,
And from his ways decline,
May I resist in faith and cry—
"O save me—I am thine!"

When this vain world displays its charms,
Which in false lustre shine,
Keep me from falling in its snare—
"O save me—I am thine!"

When through the river death I pass,
Upon my spirit shine;
And let my dying words be this—
"O save me—I am thine!"

114.

Faith—P.M.

WHAT wond'rous deeds by strong faith have been wrought
Long, long ago,
Battles and victories great have been fought,
Long, long ago;
Enoch by faith did to heaven ascend,
God was his guard, and his guide, and his friend;
O how triumphant and glorious his end,
Long, long ago.

Abraham confided alone in the Lord,
Long, long ago,
He stagger'd not, but believed the word?
Long, long ago;
He took his Isaac, the knife, and the wood,
Knowing that God was unchangeably good,
Firm on Moriah the Patriarch stood,
Long, long ago.

Isaac and Jacob pursued the same path,
Long, Long ago,
They were distinguish'd because of their faith,
Long, long ago;
Also meek Moses, who at God's command,
Led forth the people from Egypt's dark land;
Firm in the promise he ever did stand,
Long, long ago.

By faith the people pass'd through the Red Sea,
Long, long ago,
Thus did Jehovah his ransom'd set free,
Long, long ago;
God did his people in mercy surround,
He did his foes in his judgment confound;
Israel were sav'd, and their enemies drown'd,
Long, long ago.

But time would now fail me of Gideon to tell,
Long, long ago,
Of Noah, and Barak, and David as well,
Long, long ago;
Of Sampson the mighty, the strongest of men,
And Daniel preserv'd in the fierce lions' den,
Jehovah is now what he was to them then,
Long, long ago.

115.

Murmur Not—P.M.

MURMUR not, murmur not,
 Tho' thy trials may be great,
 He in whom thy soul does trust,
 Turns the bitter into sweet;
 Tho' the waves roll mountains high,
 And affliction be thy lot,
 Bear thy cross and urge thy way,
 Murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not,
 Tho' thy path be dark and drear;
 Know when foes thy soul surround,
 Thy deliverer is near?
 He will shield thy naked head,
 As he did his servant Lot,
 Trust him ever for his grace,
 Murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not,
 Others have their cross to bear,
 Others have their storms to meet,
 Others have their daily care:
 Sorrow finds the throne of state,
 As the pilgrim's lonely cot,
 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
 Murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not,
 Soon thy trials here will end;
 Soon to yonder safe retreat,
 Thou in triumph shalt ascend,
 In the bright and better land,
 Thou shalt have a happy lot;
 Struggle on, and struggle through,
 Murmur not.

116.

Shine and Shade—P.M.

SORROW on the overnight,
 Tears, and grief, and mourning;
 Joy and gladness will return,
 On the morrow morning.

Life is but a checker'd scene,
 Full of pain and sorrow;
 To the Christian there will come,
 A bright and blest to-morrow.

Shine and shade is now the lot
 Of each true believer,
 But when safe in heaven above,
 All is light for ever.

Onward Christian, onward press,
 'Till thy crown be given;
 Tarry not in all the plain,
 Thou shalt rest in heaven.

117.

Assurance—P.M.

AWAY from earthly friends,
 I now am going,
 Where streams of perfect bliss
 Are ever flowing;
 To join angelic bands,
 The heavenly choir:
 To sing their lofty song,
 And feel their fire.

Weep not, for all is well,
 My hope is blooming;
 For me celestial guides
 From heaven are coming!

Millions are waiting now,
To see me landing,
And soon on Zion's hill,
I shall be standing.

O thought transcending bliss,
O joy celestial,
Farewell, vain, empty world,
And things terrestrial ;
The happy hour is come,
My ties to sever,
Through death's cold stream I pass,
To live for ever.

118.

So run that ye may obtain.

THERE is a crown for those who win,
Reserv'd in heaven's bright day,
And there's a curse for every soul,
Who runs from Christ away.

So run thy race as to obtain,
Or thou wilt suffer loss ;
Run from thy sins for pardon now,
To yonder bleeding cross,

Run thou to ev'ry means of grace,
Run through the flood and fire ;
Run up the hill, run o'er the plain,
Run on and never tire.

Run to the mark that's set before,
Sustain'd by faith and prayer ;
Run on till death shall end thy race,
And Christ will crown thee there.

119.

Earthly Things Fading—P.M.

EARTH is but a fleeting shadow,
Pleasures last but for a day ;
All its gilt is soon erased,
And its fashion past away.

Use it, then, and not abuse it,
Trust it not for it is vain ;
Seek on high your better portion,
Where the substance will remain.

Those who climb to worldly honour,
And neglect the soul and pray'r
At the bottom of the ladder,
Leave a tender conscience there.

Earth is but the pilgrim's passage,
To that better land on high ;
Where the trees are all immortal,
And the wells are never dry.

120.

I go to the regions of light—P.M.

IGO to the regions of light,
The glory of heaven to share,
I've call'd to invite you to-night,
To come and rejoice with me there.

In heaven are fountains of bliss,
And crowns for the ransom'd to wear :
O come to this land of delights,
O come and rejoice with me there.

Nor sin, nor temptation, nor night,
 Nor sorrow, nor sighing, nor care ;
 Leave the world and its pleasures behind,
 And come and rejoice with me there.

Ye young, dissipated, and gay,
 To the vale of decision repair,
 From thence start for glory on high.
 I charge you to meet with me there.

Backsliders return to the Lord,
 Ye mourners to meet him prepare ;
 Old, young, rich and poor, one and all,
 I should like to meet each of you there.

God commandeth you all to make haste,
 You have not a moment to spare ;
 Awake to your interest now,
 And give me your company there.

Some have fathers and mothers above,
 And children who glory do share ;
 O do not salvation refuse,
 But come and unite with them there.

I warn, I intreat, I beseech,
 I urge you to make your first prayer,
 Here's my heart and my hand, I will go,
 I will go, and rejoice with you there.

121.

A present Salvation—C.M.

A Leper once to Jesus came,
 Distress'd, oppress'd, and poor ;
 From Him who has the power to save,
 He humbly sought a cure.

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst," he said,
 "I will," the Lord did say,
 And, as he spake the healing word,
 The plague removed away.

The leprosy of sin is spread
 O'er every sinner's soul ;
 But Jesus Christ the Lord of life,
 Can make the wounded whole.

First feel your sins, and to the Lord
 In earnest now repair,
 And he will speak the word of peace,
 And listen to your prayer.

Come now this moment, and on him
 For present help believe ;
 All those who seek and ask aright,
 Shall mercy now receive.

122.

Just as you are—C.M.

JUST as you are, just as you are,
 To Christ for mercy sue ;
 "Come unto me," the Saviour says,
 And says it unto you.

Come while you feel your deep distress,
 Come while you have desire ;
 A due concern about the soul,
 Is all he does require.

Come as you are, come as you are,
 To-day, while it is day ;
 Your case becomes more desperate,
 The longer you delay.

Come with a broken, contrite heart,
With a believing mind ;
Who knocks aright at mercy's door,
Shall grace and mercy find.

Because you nothing have to pay,
He frankly will forgive ;
He died, to save your souls from death,
He lives that you may live.

Once more I warn, once more intreat,
Escape the sinner's fate,
Fly to the Saviour's open arms,
Before it be too late.

123.

Not one harsh word—L.M.

NOT one harsh word will Jesus say,
To those who now begin to pray,
Who from their deadly sleep awake,
And folly's winding path forsake.

" I am the Saviour, and thy God,
For thee I shed my precious blood,
" I suffer'd death, to set thee free,
" Renounce thyself, and come to me.

" Blessed are they for sins who mourn,
" Who from the paths of vice return,
" Look unto me, believe, believe,
" And comfort while you look receive.

" He, who to me does now draw near,
" With trembling awe and holy fear,
" May give up every gloomy doubt,
" I will in no wise cast him out."

Who then can hear such words as these,
And yet refuse His offer'd peace,
Will ye not hearken to his call,
And for His sake abandon all.

124.

The Jews—C.M.

WHO, that possesses Jesu's love,
Can now a prayer refuse,
For that depressed, helpless race,
The blind and hardened Jews ;

The ancient people of the Lord,
Once a peculiar band,
To whom Jehovah freely gave,
Judea's favour'd land.

But for their daring unbelief,
From thence they have been driven,
Through all the nations of the earth,
To every wind of heaven.

They crucified the Lord of Life,
Yet for the Jews He died,
And tho' they trampled on His blood,
That blood shall be applied.

We are indebted to the Jews,
For through their sinful fall,
A free and full salvation now,
Is offered unto all.

When all the nations of the earth,
Their strength and forces bring,
The Jews who now reject the Lord,
Shall hail him as their King.

125.

Home—C.M.

THIS christian-like for us to care
For distant lands abroad,
And for the heathen offer prayer,
That they may turn to God.

Still should the earnest constant cry
Before Jehovah come,
"O God most holy, God most high,
"Save heathens here at home."

England is called a christian land,
Where light and truth abound,
Still here and there, on either hand,
Gross error still is found.

Here thousands bow at mammon's shrine,
And offer up their soul ;
Here men to every vice incline,
And in pollution roll.

Here infidels of every class
Contemn the living God ;
Christ is rejected by the mass,
Who trample on his blood.

For heathen lands we still will pray,
O Lord thy kingdom come,
And now thy glorious power display,
In saving souls at home.

126.

The House of Prayer—L.M.

THUS does the living God declare,
"My house shall be a house of prayer,"
Where men by grace shall be inclined,
To offer prayer for all mankind.

For Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
For men of high and low degree ;
That all may be by grace forgiven,
And find on earth the way to heaven.

For kings and royal potentates,
Rulers of nations, tribes, and states ;
That war and discord soon may cease,
And all men live in love and peace.

For all mankind the Saviour died,
To none his grace shall be denied ;
Then let us at His footstool fall,
And offer fervent prayer for all.

127.

Money.

MONEY may redeem a slave,
Money may from bondage save,
But the Saviour's precious blood
Can alone redeem to God.

Blood of bullocks and of rams,
Blood of goats and paschal lambs,
Could not heal man's deadly wound,
But a ransom God has found.

Types and shadows now are o'er,
Victims bleed and die no more ;
Christ, the antetype, appears,
And the sins of many bears.

What the law could never do,
Man's polluted heart renew,
Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Does accomplish by his blood.

God the great, the good, the high,
Now can freely justify ;
Man, tho' vile, may be forgiven,
And be made an heir of heaven.

128.

Man's Mortality—C.M.

MAN that's of a woman born,
Has not long on earth to live ;
Dust does soon to dust return,
God the spirit does receive.

Comes he forth just like a flower,
In the morning fresh and gay ;
Withers like it in an hour,
Strength and beauty soon decay.

As a shadow, so he flies,
In one state does not remain ;
In the midst of life he dies,
By some dire disaster slain.

Yet he lives as though his day
Would not yet for ages come ;
Vainly wasting time away,
And dancing to the tomb !

Short-liv'd man, awake, awake !
Lay thy sins and follies by,
Now thyself to prayer betake,
For know, thou soon must die.

129.

Boast not of To-Morrow—C.M.

BOAST not thyself, to-morrow's sun
On thee may never shine ;
The present moment is thine own,
To-morrow's none of thine.

Live thou each day, as though the last
Thou had'st on earth to spend ;
Thy fleeting hours will soon be past,
Thy life will shortly end.

Do what thou doest with thy might,
Repent, believe, and pray ;
No work is done in death's dark night,
Work then while it is day.

There is no wisdom, or device,
Or knowledge in the grave ;
As falls the tree, so there it lies,
And none from death can save.

Fly to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Make now to God thy prayer ;
In that immortal refuge hide,
There's room for sinners there.

130.

Sinners turn aside and see—A 7s.

SINNERS, turn aside and see
Christ extended on the tree,
There for you he bleeds and dies,
Lo ! he falls that you may rise.

Jesus suffers for his foes,
For their sins his life-blood flows :
From his head, his hands, and side
Flows the soul-renewing tide.

Hear, O hear his dying prayer,
" Father pity, Father spare ;"
" O forgive their sins," he cries,
" It is finished," now he dies.

The atonement now is made,
The foundation now is laid,
Sinful man may be forgiven,
Jesus Christ has opened heaven.

131.

Man made in the image of God—C.M.

IN God's own image man was made,
Without a stain or blot;
But man in his primeval state,
For long continued not.

He ate the fruit which God forbade,
And disobeyed his word;
He fell, and thereby lost at once
The image of the Lord.

Sin thus was introduced at first,
And misery and pain;
And death by sin has pass'd o'er all,
And thus began his reign.

Depraved are all the human race,
To evil ways inclined;
The judgment warped, the will perverse,
And clouded is the mind.

By the first man's transgression, thus
The world in ruin lies;
But lo! the second Adam comes,
And for transgression dies.

132.

A Time for all Things—C.M.

TO every purpose here below
There is a season given,
A time to rend, a time to sew,
And to prepare for heaven.

There is a time to weep for sin,
A time to mourn and sigh,
A time to lose, a time to win,
And there's a time to die.

To lose our heavy guilty load,
To lay our burdens down,
A time to win the love of God,
And an immortal crown.

A time to weep o'er others' woes,
A time for war and peace,
Satan and sin are deadly foes,
And we must conquer these.

Some spend their precious hours in vain,
The world alone pursue,
And when at last they come to die,
Have all their work to do.

Stop, sinner, in thy mad career,
Thy glass is running fast,
To wisdom's ways incline thine ear,
Or thou wilt mourn at last.

133.

Human Life—C.M.

WE speak of life, as though our race
On earth was just begun,
As though we had a lease obtained,
With all its years to run.

Whereas with some the spring is o'er,
The summer ever gone,
The autumn now is spending fast,
And winter coming on.

Morning and noon have hastened by,
 So blooming and so clear ;
 The afternoon is on the wing,
 And night will soon be here.

Life is a vapour which appears,
 Then vanishes away ;
 A passing shadow, fleeting by,
 A short uncertain day.

Life is the only season given,
 The only time for prayer :
 Who hope to live with God in heaven,
 Must in this life prepare.

134.

Hope for the Heathen—C.M.

ENQUIRE we at the word of God,
 What do the scriptures say ?
 Is there reserved for heathen lands
 A brighter, better day ?

Yes, prophecy and promise here
 Harmoniously agree ;
 The nations all shall hear the word,
 And be from sin set free.

Where now the thistle and the thorn
 Lift up their prickly head,
 The lily and the fragrant rose
 Shall flourish in their stead.

"I'll give the heathen to my son,"
 Saith the eternal God,
 And he shall wash their sins away,
 By his atoning blood.

The gospel which announceeth peace,
 Shall spread from shore to shore ;
 War and contention soon shall cease,
 And men shall slay no more.

Over the hills and plains abroad,
 Truth shall resplendent shine :
 Hasten the day, Almighty God,
 And be the glory thine.

135.

Heathenism Described—C.M.

IN distant parts beyond the sea,
 Where Jesus is not known,
 They bend the suppliant knee in vain,
 To gods of wood and stone.

These cannot help them in distress,
 Nor in death's solemn hour ;
 They may have hands, and feet, and eyes,
 But they have got no power.

Thick darkness reigns in every place,
 Thick darkness clouds the mind ;
 The priest and people both alike,
 The blind do lead the blind.

Their superstitious rights are joined
 With cruel acts and deeds ;
 Upon their altars here and there,
 The human victim bleeds.

Beneath the wheels of Juggernaut
 The devotee expires ;
 The widow's screams aloud are heard,
 Amid the funeral fires.

We pity their degraded state,
But pity, when alone,
Is like a son who asks for bread,
And we bestow a stone.

We join with pity earnest prayer,
O God their hearts renew ;
Pity and prayer will not suffice,
We something else must do.

God pitied us in our sad state,
But something else was done,
He sent to save a ruined world,
His well-beloved Son.

136.

The Resurrection of Lazarus—P.M.

THE friend of Christ is dead,
And lo ! the Saviour weeps ;
His soul from earth is fled,
He sleeps,
Lazarus sleeps—
Sleeps.

" Lord, if he sleeps, 'tis well,"
Thomas to Jesus said ;
Who now the fact must tell,
He's dead,
Lazarus is dead—
Dead.

" I go," the Saviour said,
Cease one and all to weep,
" To raise him from the dead,"
From sleep,
His quiet sleep—
Sleep.

Before his grave He stands,
Where calm his body sleeps,
With lifted eyes and hands,
And weeps,
My Jesus weeps—
Weeps.

" Take, take away the stone,"
Aloud Messiah cries ;
Then said the Holy One,
" Arise !"
Lazarus ! rise—
Rise.

The people saw him stand,
Bound round with his grave clothes ;
At the Divine command,
He rose,
Lazarus rose—
Rose.

Now through his veins apace,
The purple stream does flow ;
The flush is on his face,
Now go,
Lazarus, go—
Go.

137.

Ode on Night—P.M.

THE sun is set, the moon is up,
The twinkling stars are bright,
The dew now fills the buttercup,
'Tis night,
Still, silent night—
Night.

Aurora borealis does play,
And sheds a lurid light ;
We now behold the milky way,
 'Tis night,
Still, silent night—
 Night.

The humble saint to rest repairs,
His hopes of heaven are bright,
He just has said his evening prayers,
 'Tis night,
All silent night—
 Night.

The dying infant pants for breath,
Its cheeks and brow are white,
Calmly its eyes are closed in death,
 'Tis night,
Calm, tranquil night—
 Night.

With all the silent dead beneath,
Shut out from life and light ;
With all who here have ceased to breathe,
 'Tis night,
Inactive night—
 Night.

With all who live in moral gloom,
Without the gospel light,
Buried alive in nature's tomb,
 'Tis night,
Spiritual night—
 Night.

Deep in the prison house of hell,
Where comes nor hope nor light,
Where fiends and fallen spirits dwell,
 'Tis night,
Eternal night—
 Night.

138.

Shadows—P.M.

MAN is made of brittle stuff
Life is but a breath or puff ;
Full of trouble, full of care,
Evanescant as the air :
Man is born to grief and sorrow,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Friends are shadows, flitting round,
Sooner lost by far than found,
Now caressing, now forsaking,
Great offence at trifles taking ;
When their aid is needed most,
They have left us and are lost.

Riches are but shadows too,
Like a bubble to pursue,
Empty, vain, and sordid things,
Flying off on self-made wings ;
Now we are exalted high,
Then in poverty we die.

Honour, often dearly bought,
Scarce is worth a passing thought ;
Earthly wreaths, of laurels made,
On the brow do quickly fade ;
Sceptres pass from hand to hand,
Thrones but for a season stand.

But, though all on earth is vain,
Earthly good and earthly gain,
There's a better land than this,
One of lasting joy and bliss,
There the righteous ever bloom,
Far away beyond the tomb.

Sorrow there is all unknown,
Pleasures there are all full blown,
Riches there are lasting things,
Saints are royal priests and kings ;
Fadeless wreaths the ransomed wear,
Conquering palms the ransomed bear.

139.

All are of the Dust—C.M.

WHATE'ER distinctions may appear
In fortune or in birth,
All men are formed out of dust,
And all return to earth.

The rich who glide in pomp along,
And in abundance roll,
Are as the poor who pine away,
When God demands the soul.

There's one event to all mankind,
We from the Bible learn,
All men are formed out of dust,
And all to dust return.

Then envy not the rich and great,
Nor wish you had his place,
But seek the favour of your God,
And his renewing grace.

140.

Calvary—P.M.

I Love to sing of Calvary,
Whereon my saviour bled,
When he cried aloud, " 'Tis finished,"
And bowed down his head :
Whate'er my state on earth may be,
I'll sing of lovely Calvary.

I love to sing of Calvary,
The cross all stained with blood,
Where Jesus hung with arms spread wide,
Between mankind and God ;
There flowed his life blood rich and free,
Oh ! I love to sing of Calvary.

I love to sing of Calvary,
Where the Saviour's wounded side,
Poured forth a stream of mercy,
A rich and healing tide ;
For all, for all that fountain's free,
Oh ! I love to sing of Calvary.

I love to sing of Calvary,
Where the broken fetters lie,
Where the serpent's head was bruised,
Where Christ for man did die :
A laurel branch entwines that tree,
Oh ! I love to sing of Calvary.

I love to sing of Calvary,
E'er since that happy day
When I by faith beheld him,
And guilt removed away :
I know that Jesus died for me,
Oh ! I love to sing of Calvary.

I love to sing of Calvary,
For from that hill I see
The regions of eternal bliss,
The country of the free,
Where soon my spirit shall ascend,
To life and glory without end.

141.

A better day coming—C.M.

IS the church become faint hearted ?
Is the glory quite departed ?
Is she in the battle smitten ?

And must "Ichabod" be written?
Tens of thousands answer nay,
There will come a better day.

Though the fearful and faint-hearted,
Have unto their homes departed;
Though the cold and loose professor,
Has become a bold transgressor,
Tens of thousands plead and pray,
Send us Lord a better day.

Though vast numbers have retreated,
Zion shall not be defeated;
Though the timid now are quailing,
And the foe our ranks assailing,
Still we hear our Captain say,
There will come a better day.

Christians, pray on without ceasing,
God will send the promised blessing,
He regards your inward sighing,
He will hear your earnest crying;
He has marked the men who pray,
He will send a better day.

Up ye hosts of gospel preachers,
Up devout and zealous teachers,
Up ye leaders, up believers,
Up and fight, 'tis now or never;
Now contend, and watch, and pray,
Hasten on the better day.

Fight like bold intrepid Gideon,
When he smote the hosts of Midian;
Pitchers breaking, trumpets sounding,
All the smitten ranks confounding;
Take your lamps and march away,
Usher in the better day.

Now advancing, standing, facing,
Rushing on the foe, and chasing,
Breaking Satan's ranks asunder,
Shouting like the pealing thunder;
All united march away,
Dawns the bright and better day.

Hear ye not that heavenly singing,
Now the air with songs is ringing:
Hell's strong citadels are shaken,
Pride and unbelief are taken;
Shout believer, shout away,
There has come a better day.

Soon the signal will be given,
Gather all my saints to heaven;
Now the victory is completed,
On my royal throne be seated;
Shout for ever, shout away,
Shout in realms of endless day.

142.

Hymn for the Times—P.M.

AFTER all this gloom and sadness,
There will come a time of gladness;
What the Lord of life has spoken,
Never, never, will be broken;
Showers of blessings, showers of grace,
Shall o'erflow the parched place.

After night, then comes the morning,
Joy and gladness follow mourning;
Health succeeds to grief and pining,
After storms the clearest shining;
When rude war and strife shall cease,
Then commences endless peace.

Christians, still keep interceding,
 Supplicating, praying, pleading,
 Yield, O yield not to temptation,
 Eye the Captain of Salvation ;
 He who died on Calvary's hill,
 Lives to save his people still.

Old disciples, cleave to Jesus,
 Soon from earth he will release us ;
 You who have but lately started,
 Be not fearful or faint-hearted,
 Jesus will your souls defend,
 Guard and guide you to the end.

Follow those who are now crowned,
 Men for faith and zeal renowned ;
 Now they stand on Zion's mountain,
 Drinking from the living fountain ;
 Now with heaven their souls are blest,
 Now they triumph, now they rest.

143.

The Ardent Wish—P.M.

TO thine arms, O Jesus, take me,
 Like thyself, O Jesus, make me,
 Humble, patient, meek and mild,
 Make me as a weaned child,
 Fill me with the flames of love,
 Raise my soul to things above.

Search me by thy word and try me,
 Every moment stand thou by me,
 As my day thy strength impart,
 Ease my burden, raise my heart,
 Fill my soul with heavenly grace,
 Help me to my resting place.

When the floods of earth surround me,
 When the tempter would confound me,
 Then thy gracious word fulfil ;
 Say unto the waves, "be still !"
 Storms shall thy command obey,
 And the tempter fly away.

When afflictions overtake me,
 And my health and strength forsake me ;
 When with watching faint and weak,
 Let me hear thee softly speak,
 "I'll thy feeble soul defend,
 "I'll be with thee to the end."

In my final struggle shield me,
 Every aid in mercy yield me ;
 Light my passage through the river,
 To the rest which is for ever ;
 In thy name I mean to trust,
 When my dust returns to dust.

Then, when I appear before thee,
 In the realms of endless glory,
 Clad in robes of spotless white,
 Fill'd with love, and life and light,
 My immortal voice I'll raise,
 In the song of endless praise.

144.

Zaccheus, Christ, and Me—C.M.

ZACCHEUS earnestly desired,
 The Lord of life to see,
 And ran before the advancing crowd,
 And climbed a certain tree.

There Jesus saw him, though concealed,
 Whose eyes are like a flame ;
 "Come down, Zaccheus," he exclaimed,
 And down Zaccheus came.

"This day I must with thee abide,
 "This day with thee I dine ;
 "This day salvation comes to thee,
 "This day that blessing's thine."

And I desire sincerely too,
 The Lord of life to see,
 And he, that I may have the sight,
 Ascends the fatal tree.

High on the cross, with arms spread wide,
 High on the shameful tree,
 With bleeding head, and hands, and side,
 By faith my Lord I see.

Why hangs he there ? 'tis for my sins,
 He dies to set me free ;
 For all he does atonement make,
 On Calvary's rugged tree.

Salvation through his death I have,
 Present, and full, and free ;
 A fountain's open'd in his side,
 And opened there for me.

Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
 This, this my theme shall be,
 That Jesus tasted death for all,
 Upon the fatal tree.

145.

A Hymn—P.M.

O COME, come away,
 To Calvary's lofty mountain ;
 With hearts sincere, let all draw near,
 And come, come away.
 For you the Lord of glory dies,
 The Maker of the earth and skies ;
 To see the sight arise,
 And come, come away.

O come, come away,
 Ye all are now invited ;
 He dies for all, both great and small,
 So come, come away.
 Behold his bleeding hands and feet,
 Here justice does with mercy meet ;
 His love, how rich, how sweet !
 O come, come away.

O come, come away,
 Behold his head reclining ;
 Forgive ! he cries, and then he dies,
 O come, come away.
 All hail, all hail immortal King,
 Let heaven and earth unite to sing ;
 He did salvation bring,
 O come, come away.

O come, come away,
 For pardon and redemption ;
 From sin depart, give God your heart,
 And come, come away.
 Not one who comes shall be denied,
 You all may feel his blood applied :
 To shelter in his side,
 O come, come away.

O come, come away,
 While mercy is inviting ;
 To Jesus come, he'll cast out none,
 So come, come away.
 Ye deaf and dumb, ye halt and blind,
 In Jesu's side a refuge find ;
 Let none be left behind,
 But come, come away.

146.

How Sweet is Rest—P.M.

HOW sweet is rest, the traveller cries,
 Whose journey now is done ;
 Who hastens o'er the sandy path,
 Beneath the burning sun,
 In sight of home, reviv'd and blest,
 He sings how sweet, how sweet is rest.

The labourer from the field of toil,
 Towards home does plod his way ;
 Who for the bread which perisheth,
 Has sweat throughout the day ;
 In sight of home, reviv'd and blest,
 He sings how sweet, how sweet is rest.

To him who on the billowy deep,
 Has long been tempest tost ;
 From the far distant port returns,
 Towards his native coast :
 With sight of land at last he's blest,
 And sings how sweet, how sweet is rest.

He who through many days and nights,
 Has suffer'd poignant pain ;
 Rejoices when his wasted strength,
 Returns with health again ;
 With balmy sleep reviv'd and blest,
 He sings, how sweet, how sweet is rest.

The mourner who for mercy cries,
 Whose heart with grief is riven ;
 Now hears a whisper, Go in peace,
 Thy sins are all forgiven :
 Heaven opens in his longing breast,
 He sings, how sweet, how sweet, is rest.

The dying saint whose race is run,
 Whose mortal toils are o'er,
 Now through the telescope of faith,
 Beholds the radiant shore ;
 A blooming hope inspires his breast,
 He sings, how sweet, how sweet is rest.

147.

Pope's Ode Reversed—P.M.

CRUEL death, thy stroke delay,
 Let me live another day !
 Ah ! how vain my mournful crying,
 In my sins I now am dying !
 Hold, hold, stern death, thy stroke refrain,
 I sink, I sink, to endless pain !
 Hark what sounds break on my ear,
 'Tis the yell of demons near !
 Come, they cry, to join us, come,
 Come to meet thy fearful doom !
 My pulse has ceas'd, I now must fly,
 Refuge fails, and I must die !
 All earthly things adieu,
 In vain of heaven you sing,
 Without a hope, I sink, I go,
 Where waves of endless fury flow,
 O death ! I feel thy sting !

148.

Hymn—P.M.

To Calvary's mountain in earnest repair,
 Come, come away ;
 The mercy you need is awaiting you there,
 Come, come away.
 View him by faith as he hangs on the tree,
 Know for thyself that he suffers for thee ;
 He that believeth shall now be made free,
 Come, come away.

Ye aged and young, and ye rich and ye poor,
Come, come away ;
To him that believeth, His mercy is sure ;
Come, come away.
Ye halt and ye lame, and ye wither'd and
blind,
Ye deaf and ye dumb, and distressed in
mind,
In Jesus you healing and pardon may find,
Come, come away.

The feast is prepar'd, and the table is spread
Come, come away.
Come taste the new wine and the heavenly
bread,
Come, come away ;
Ye all are invited the blessings to share,
Then now to the banquet of mercy repair,
All, all that you need, in abundance is there,
Come, come away.

Come to the banquet, the banquet of love,
Come, come away ;
Come to the supper in heaven above,
Come, come away ;
Come to receive a bright starry crown ;
Come to the land of immortal renown :
Come on the throne of your Lord to sit down,
Come, come away.

149.

The Cross—P.M.

I was deeply concern'd on account of my sins,
Deep sorrows took hold of my soul ;
All refuge appear'd to fail me just then,
And the billows around me did roll ;
To the cross of my Saviour I then did repair
And left my distress and my misery there.

I was tempted by Satan again to despair,
To give up the contest and yield ;
And I should have sunk in that gloomy hour,
But God was my strength and my shield,
To the cross of my Saviour I then did repair,
And Satan was foiled and conquered there.

The men of the world did contemn and despise
And they pointed the finger of scorn ;
My friends were away when I needed their aid,
I said, I am poor and forlorn ;
To the cross of my Saviour I then did repair,
I was shielded, and shelter'd, and comforted
there.

I was sick and afflicted, my beauty consum'd,
And my bodily strength did decay ;
As I toss'd to and fro on my couch wet with
tears,
As I pined and wasted away ;
To the cross I repair'd, to the cross I did cling,
The grave had no terror, and death had no sting.

The cross is my staff in the way to my rest,
As for Canaan I travel along ;
In the midst of my foes, my sorrow, and woes,
The cross is my solace and song.
The bridge over which I the river shall cross,
God forbid I should glory, except in the cross.

150.

Not yet, and not quite—T.M.

GO thy way said Felix,
To the Apostle Paul,
And at a future season
Again for thee I'll call :
And so the preacher went his way,
And Felix never saw that day.

Almost, said king Agrippa,
I am persuaded here
To be a humble christian,
And God, my Maker, fear!
Almost, not quite, he halted then,
And kept his place with other men.

So 'tis with many more,
At some convenient time,
They'll close with offer'd grace,
And cease committing crime;
Thus fleeting life by such is spent,
In crying, I will yet repent.

The dying thief was sav'd,
While hanging on the cross,
Not an example this,
To imitate by us,
God heard, 'tis true, his dying pray'r,
That you and I might not despair.

Why not be saved now,
In this important hour,
With God is mercy found,
With God is boundless pow'r;
This moment then on Christ believe,
And now his pard'ning grace receive.

151.

Hell—L.M.

WE read of the regions of woe,
Of caverns of endless despair,
Where fiery waves ever roll,
But what must it be to be there.

There thunders for ever are heard,
There lightnings perpetually glare,
And death before life is prefer'd,
But what must it be to be there.

Men often complain of their lot,
And the crosses they here have to bear,
How poverty visit their cot,
But what must it be to be there.

Here hope often sweetens the cup,
And whispers, O never despair,
In hell they the dregs must drink up,
O think what it is to be there.

Let those who would shun this sad place,
For life everlasting prepare,
At once become subjects of grace,
The guilty alone will be there.

152.

Heaven—C.M.

THERE parted friends again shall meet,
Immortal bliss to share,
Tho' sever'd here by death's cold hand,
There'll be no parting there.

Here tears are shed, and sighs are heav'd,
Here men are bow'd with care,
This consolation Christians have,
There'll be no sorrow there.

Here Satan tempts and tries the soul
To murmur and despair,
But when beyond bold Jordan's flood,
There'll be no tempter there.

O think on that transcendent bliss,
Which saints and angels share,
Where night and death are things unknown,
There'll be no dying there.

Here sickness pales the ruddy cheek,
And turns to white the hair,
This is our hope when safe at home,
There'll be no sickness there.

There shall we know as we are known,
And fare as angels fare,
See as we're seen where all is light,
There'll be no darkness there.

We there shall drink of the pure stream,
And breathe celestial air,
Range through the fields of perfect bliss,
There'll be no tiring there.

153.

The Hour of Prayer—C.M.

How sweet to me the hour of pray'r,
When christian spirits blend,
When from the blazing altars round,
The holy flame ascends.
I love the hour of pray'r, &c.

With earnest cries, with tears and sighs,
We bow before the throne,
And with the Father humble plead
The merits of his Son,
O, I love, &c.

'Tis thus we gain a fresh supply
Of grace from heaven above,
Light, life, and liberty divine,
And peace, and joy and love,
O, I love, &c.

The hour of pray'r disperses gloom,
And chases fears away,
It breaks the fetters of the mind,
And turns our night to day ;
O, I love, &c.

Sweet hour of pray'r, delightful hour,
We hail thy blest return ;
For more, and more of heavenly grace,
Our hearts do pant and burn,
O, I love, &c.

Cry out and shout ye saints of God,
Ye mourners dry your tears,
Sinners it is the hour of pray'r,
Jehovah, Jesus hears.
O, I love, &c.

154.

The name of Jesus—C.M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
Balsamic, healing name,
Its mention to Christians soul,
Imparts a holy flame,
O, I love the Saviour's name, &c.

Like precious ointment shed abroad,
It yields a rich perfume,
Through every weary lane of life,
It even scents the tomb ;
O, I love, &c.

His name for ever shall endure,
His praise shall never cease,
How true the humble poet sings,
" 'Tis life, and health, and peace,"
O, I love, &c.

As through the wilderness below,
 I plod my weary way,
 His name I'll sing and urge my course,
 To heaven's immortal day ;
 O, I love, &c.

And when to Jordan's flowing stream,
 With staff in hand I come,
 With Jesus's name upon my lips
 I'll go rejoicing home,
 O, I love, &c.

155.

I love the Sabbath Day—C.M.

THE holy Sabbath dawns again,
 Sweet day of hallow'd rest,
 Come let us to the temple go,
 To bless and to be blest ;
 O, I love the sabbath day.

This is the day the Lord has made,
 On it we will rejoice,
 Within his courts we will appear,
 And lift our heart and voice ;
 O, I love, &c.

The Lord descends to meet his saints,
 From his bright throne on high ;
 To raise the heart which stoops with grief,
 And all our wants supply ?
 O, I love, &c.

I ought to love the sabbath day,
 Whereon I was forgiven,
 When first I tasted Jesu's love,
 And first set out for heaven ;
 O, I love, &c.

The Sabbath is the pearl of days,
 The best of all the seven,
 The torch of time, the saints delight,
 The antipast of heaven.
 O, I love, &c.

156.

Invitation—P.M.

COME to the Saviour, come,
 Ye heavy laden souls,
 For you in richest streams,
 Redeeming mercy rolls ;
 For you on yonder cross,
 He bow'd his head and died,
 Come, come without delay,
 And shelter in his side,
 Come, come, come.

Come to the throne of grace,
 Come with the utmost speed,
 For strength to run your race,
 For help in time of need ;
 All, all you want is there,
 A neverfailing store ;
 Come you who have been there
 A thousand times before,
 Come, come, come.

Come to the blissful shore,
 Come, and be ever blest,
 Where sorrow comes no more,
 Where weary pilgrims rest ;
 Where there is no more night,
 Temptation, toil and pain,
 Where all is boundless light,
 Where saints and angels reign,
 Come, come, come.

Come for there is no time,
 For mortals here to waste,
 The call which now you have,
 May prove to be your last ;
 To Jesus' bleeding cross,
 For life and pardon run,
 Neglect the gracious call,
 And you may be undone.
 Come, come, come.

157.

There is my rest—P.M.

Far far away, beyond the blue sky,
 There is my rest ;
 Where dwells my Redeemer exalted on high,
 There is my rest ;
 Where trees immortal luxuriantly grow,
 Where streams of pleasure perpetually flow,
 Where all who love the Redeemer shall go,
 There is my rest.

Where the bright Seraph melodiously sing,
 There is my rest ;
 In the bright palace of God the great King,
 There is my rest ;
 Where happy millions triumphant do stand,
 With crown on each head and palm in each hand,
 The bright, the celestial, the long promis'd land ;
 There is my rest.

Where pale affliction shall never be known,
 There is my rest ;
 Where all the faithful inherit the throne,
 There is my rest ;
 Where all who conquer with glory are crown'd,
 Where joy and gladness for ever abound,
 Where all that's rich and delightful is found,
 There is my rest.

Through the wild desert I hasten along,
 Going to rest ;
 Jesus is all, is the theme of my song,
 Heaven's my rest :
 Jordan's cold river will soon be in view,
 Christ to his promise unchangably true,
 He will support and conduct me safe through,
 Safe to my rest.

158.

Will you go ?—L.M.

I AM going to see the great King,
 Where rivers of pleasure do flow,
 Where seraphs melodiously sing,
 O say, I will go, I will go.

Tongues cannot describe half the bliss,
 The ransom'd in heaven shall know ;
 O do not this blessedness miss,
 But say, I will go, I will go.

Abandon the world and its care,
 There's nought worth a thought here below,
 Commence with the publican's prayer,
 And say, I will go, I will go.

To calvary's cross haste away,
 Where mercy in torrents does flow ;
 This is the acceptable day,
 O say, I will go, I will go.

Bid all old companions adieu,
 God's pardoning love seek to know ;
 He waits for an answer from you,
 O say, I will go, I will go.

159.

Just as you are—P.M.

ANXIOUS souls to Jesus come,
 Just as you are ;
 In his bosom there is room,
 Come as you are ;
 Tho' of sinners you are chief,
 Fill'd with inward pain and grief,
 Come, and you shall find relief,
 Come as you are.

Tho' your sins for vengeance cry,
 Come as you are ;
 To the only refuge fly,
 Just as you are ;
 Mercy's door still open stands,
 Jesus spreads abroad his hands,
 Come, and he will break your bands,
 Come as you are.

Sinai's thunders then will cease,
 Come as you are ;
 Christ will fill your souls with peace,
 Come as you are,
 On his saving name believe,
 Cease to sorrow, cease to grieve,
 Now his pardoning love receive,
 Just as you are.

Say not, I am yet too vile,
 Come as you are ;
 Jesu's face displays a smile,
 Come as you are ;
 Lo ! he comes your souls to meet,
 Cast your burdens at his feet,
 Thus the tempter's schemes defeat,
 Come as you are.

160.

God seen and heard in every thing.

GOD of nature, God of grace,
 Thee in every thing I trace ;
 In the mighty orb of day,
 In the stars and milky way ;
 In the moon which shines by night,
 In the darkness, in the light ;
 In the vivid lightning's flash,
 In the raging billow's dash ;
 In the grass which hills adorn,
 In the smiling fields of corn ;
 In the pearly drops of dew,
 In the rose's lovely hue ;
 In the lily's beauteous white,
 In the deep and in the height ;
 In the wondrous form of man,
 In redemption's glorious plan ;
 In the earth, the air, and sea,
 I thy mighty wonders see.
 God of nature, God of grace,
 Thee I hear in every place.
 In the thunder's awful sound,
 In the earthquake under ground ;
 In the wind which shakes the trees,
 In the whisper of the breeze ;
 In the song of winged birds,
 In the bleating of the herds ;
 In thy word divinely true,
 In the old, and in the new,
 Law and gospel speak of thee,
 Law and gospel speak to me.
 Precept, promise, all proclaim
 Thy immortal, matchless name,
 In the spirit's small, still voice,
 Bidding every heart rejoice.

181.

How dieth the wise man—C.M.

HE dies in peace with God and man,
And with himself likewise ;
He dies prepared for his reward,
Beyond the starry skies.

No dark foreboding fear disturbs
His calm, unruffled breast ;
But like the sun without a cloud,
He sinks away to rest.

Faith bears him up through every wave,
Blest principles divine !
And prompts his inmost soul to say
The God of truth is mine.

Hope strews around his dying bed
Sweet flowers which ever bloom,
And lights her golden lamps, to guide
His spirit through the gloom.

Here patience hath her perfect work,
While life's last sands do run ;
And resignation sits and sings,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Night dews fall not more gently down
As soars his soul aloft ;
Nor weary worn-out winds below,
Do not expire so soft.

162.

The Pleasing Prospect—C.M.

PROSPECTIVELY I look a-head,
Through time's approaching years,
And much to cheer my anxious mind,
Before my faith appears.

I see the glorious lamp of life,
In power and might go forth,
Towards the east, towards the west,
Towards the south and north.

I see the nations form'd anew,
Remodell'd by the word,
And kings and royal potentates
Submitting to the Lord.

The pagan altars falling down,
And gods of wood and stone,
Abandon'd to the moles and bats,
And Christ ador'd alone.

Like flocks of sheep the people come,
Who have for naught been sold,
Crowding to gain admission now,
Within the Saviour's fold.

One common song shall soon be sung,
O'er earth's extended plains ;
Loud hallelujahs, shouts of praise,
The Lord Jehovah reigns.

163.

Show me by what I shall inherit it—C.M.

THE promis'd land of endless rest,
Where milk and honey flow,—
By what I shall inherit it,
I now desire to know.

Thus Abram pray'd, to whom the Lord
Did give a certain sign—
Believe my word, and follow me,
And Canaan shall be thine.

In the same God, in the same word,
Must you and I believe ;
And he to us the promis'd land
Of endless life will give.

We must believe what he for us
In former times hath done,
When for our sakes he freely gave
His well-beloved Son.

Believe that he can pardon sin,
And feel his blood applied ;
To none who seek his face aright,
Shall mercy be denied.

Possess the Spirit's graces here,
And serve him day by day ;
He will sustain, and guard, and guide,
All who his word obey.

The witness get, the witness keep,
That God has us forgiven,
And you and I shall have a lot
Amongst the saints in heaven.

164.

The Saint Departing—P.M.

HE comes, he comes ! Io ! the pilgrim comes,
To share an immortal rest ;
He comes, to be crown'd with a fadeless wreath
He comes to be ever blest.

He comes like a trav'ler to his home,
Whose mortal course is just run ;
He comes where the weary ever rest,
He comes to sit on a throne.

Like a sailor who's been long at sea,
On the rolling billows toss'd,
He lands amidst twice ten thousand smiles,
On the bright and balmy coast.

He comes like a soldier who has been
Engag'd in the deadly strife ;
He comes to receive his bounty on high,
A crown of eternal life.

He comes like the toil-worn husbandman,
Who look'd for the evening shade,
Who watch'd for the full corn in the ear
To follow the tender blade.

He comes like the honey-laden bee,
With sweets from herb and from flower ;
He sings as he soars away to bliss,
And calm in his final hour.

He comes like a ship from distant shore,
Richly laden with heavenly grace ;
An abundant entrance he obtains,
To the high and holy place.

He comes like a shock of corn, quite ripe,
To the garner of rest above,
To rest from his works and toils below,
And bathe in a sea of love.

He comes, for his master calls him away
From the visions of earth below,
Where rivers of bliss at his right hand,
In richer abundance flow.

He comes, for the whispering angels cry,
Come away, sister spirit, come ;
Come away to amarathine bowers,
Come away to thy endless home.

165.

The Name of Jesus—P.M.

O I love the name of Jesus,
That sweet and balmy name,
Who for us and our salvation,
To earth in mercy came,
To spread his matchless glory,
His goodness and his love,
His gracious condescension
In coming from above.

O, I love the name of Jesus,
When he travell'd here below,
The streams of consolation
From him did richly flow ;
He heal'd the sick and dying,
He bound the broken heart,
And pardon to the guilty
He richly did impart.

O, I love to speak of Jesus,
His sufferings on the tree,
When he cried aloud "Tis finish'd,"
'Twas then he ransom'd me.
He bowed his head submissive,
To death's relentless stroke,
While rocks of marble rended,
And sleeping saints awoke.

O, I love to speak of Jesus,
Who in death's embraces lay,
When his friends, all broken-hearted,
Had fled from him away :
But from the dark sepulchre
Triumphant he arose,
Despite of every effort
Made by his daring foes.

O, I love to speak of Jesus,
Who to heaven above is gone,
To intercede for sinners,
Before his Father's throne.
A mighty Prince and Saviour,
At God's right hand he stands,
And pleads his glorious passion,
And spreads abroad his hands.

O, I love to speak of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend,
Whose mercy, love, and power,
Knows neither bound nor end :
Who now invites the weary:
To come to him for rest,
And bids the broken-hearted
Take shelter in his breast.

O, I love to speak of Jesus,
Who will soon to earth descend,
When the dead shall all be raised,
And time itself shall end
Come up, he'll say, ye blessed,
Inherit life by me ;
Come, share immortal glory,
And be for ever free.

166.

Gratitude—S.M.

L ORD, how shall I express
My gratitude to thee ;
For all thy favors, first and last,
Bestowed upon me.

Born in a happy land,
Where shines thy truth abroad,
And early taught to fear thy name,
My Saviour and my God.

Blest with thy pard'ning love,
And graciously forgiven,
Emptied of sin and earthly good,
And fill'd with God and heaven.

Thy holy spirit dwells
A witness in my breast
And cheer'd with a well-grounded hope
Of everlasting rest.

To thy immortal name,
My feeble voice I raise ;
Accept, O God of truth and grace,
My gratitude and praise.

167.

Dependence on God—L.M.

MY God, to thee my sighs ascend,
My never failing, constant friend ;
On thee my daily care I cast,
And thank thee for thy favors past.

My heart aspires, my wishes fly
To thee the Holy and the High ;
Before thy high and gracious throne,
I make my ardent wishes known.

Lord, unto me thy grace impart,
Cheer with thy love my drooping heart ;
From ev'ry fear my spirit free,
And I will render thanks to thee.

Strengthen with thy immortal might,
Fill with thy spirit's sacred light :
Guide with thy friendly hand and eye,
And all my daily wants supply.

On thee alone will I depend,
My rock, my refuge, and my friend ;
In thee I hope, in thee I'll trust,
Till mortal dust returns to dust.

168.

Go not to glean in another field—4 lines, 7s.

IN the precious word divine,
Where the truth of God does shine,
Go, and gather heavenly grain,
And within that field remain.

In the heaven-inspired book,
There for grace and mercy look :
All thou needest it doth yield,
Glean not in another field.

Dost thou feel distress of mind,
In the bible comfort find ;
Comfort through the Saviour's blood,
Peace with man, thyself, and God.

He that wanders from the word,
Wanders also from the Lord ;
Robs himself of peace and rest,
And remains unsav'd, unblest.

169.

Jehovah Jireh—P.M.

IN poverty and wealth,
In sickness, or in health,
Whatever may betide,
Jehovah will provide.

When fierce temptations blow,
When waves of sorrow flow,
This truth shall be applied,
Jehovah will provide.

When sickness is our lot,
We'll sing, and murmur not ;
Our wants shall be supplied,
Jehovah will provide.

When death at last shall come,
To call us to the tomb,
In God we will confide,
Jehovah will provide.

170.

*Thou shalt not build me an altar
with hewn stone—L.M.*

THUS saith the High and Holy One.
Build not mine altars with hewn stone,
The God of gods, and King of kings,
Is pleas'd with plain and simple things.

He who to God would now approach,
And feel the soul reviving touch,
With humble mind he must appear,
And with believing heart draw near.

His altar must be plain and low,
Without display or outward show ;
His language must be all his own,
Thus let him bow before the throne.

And he who reigns enthron'd on high,
Will hear his all-important cry ;
His soul with his salvation bless,
And all his daily wants redress.

171.

Manna—P.M.

WITH manna the Lord did his people bless,
As they pass'd through the dreary wilderness
Freely to all was the blessing given,
It came like a shower of mercy from heaven.

The manna was white, it was small and sweet,
Some said it was like unto angel's meat ;
It lay on the ground like frost or seed,
Thus God supplied his own peoples' need.

Around their tents the rich blessing lies,
Whoever would eat must gather likewise :
A homer full was the daily supply,
And none were allowed to lay any by.

So Jesus to us has been freely given,
He is the true bread sent down from heaven ;
Who taste his love will be surely led,
To cry evermore give to me this bread.

Spotless and pure is our bleeding Lord,
Sweeter than honey his name and word ;
Sweet to the ear, more sweet to the heart,
The thoughts of Jesus do comfort impart.

To gather, to gather, we hasten away !
A heart full of Christ is our portion each day,
Who seek his face shall his mercy receive,
He only is precious to them that believe.

172.

Death—C.M.

DEATH ! all-important, solemn word,
Our enemy or friend ;
Follow'd by life which ever lives,
Or death without an end.

Death, is a most familiar term,
To ev'ry language known ;
A visitor of the lone cot,
And the imperial throne !

The warrior bows before his power,
Whose stroke none can oppose ;
And those who kept the world awake,
Beneath his feet repose.

The miser here ungrasps his wealth,
The slave escapes his chains ;
Through death, the weary pilgrim's soul
With Christ in glory reigns.

173.

Invitation—P.M.

O WONT you go, where pleasures flow,
To be for ever free ?
Make up your mind, cast all behind,
And come along with me.

CHORUS.

For I mean to go; yes, I'm bound to go,
Immortal bliss to share ;
I cannot stay, I must away,
To meet my Jesus there.

To that blest home sin cannot come,
No tempter will be there ;
There'll be no night in the land of light,
No sorrow, grief or care,
So you'd better go where pleasures flow,
No longer now delay ;
This moment start with all your heart,
Along the heavenly way.

Through the wilderness he'll cheer and bless,
Whatever may betide ;
Through all the way, by night and day,
He'll be our God and guide.
So you'd better go where pleasures flow,
To wear a starry crown ;
To rest on high beyond the sky,
And on his throne sit down,

Men may despise ; but O arise,
And let those laugh who win ;
Be of good cheer, nor heed their sneer,
'Tis fools who mock at sin.
So you'd better go where pleasures flow,
A victor's palm to bear,
To sing to him who did redeem,
And all his fulness share.

Now take your cross, count all but loss,
The cross shall wear the crown ;
In earnest stoop, and take it up,
And Christ will take it down.
You say, "I'll go;" I expected so,
I thought you'd yield at last ;
'Tis Christ who died ; on the right side
My gospel net was cast.

174.

It is well—4 lines 7 s.

IT is well to be forgiven,
Well to be absolv'd and blest :
In the way which leads to heaven,
Still to be with Christ is blest.

Well to have the holy Spirit,
Bearing witness in the breast,
All his graces to inherit ;
Still to be with Christ is best.

Peace divine, sweet peace possessing,
Here to enter into rest ;
What a rich and heavenly blessing,
Still to be with Christ is best.

It is well to be assured,
With a blooming hope possest ;
Here to have our crown secured,
Still to be with Christ is best.

It is well to be instructed
In the way to endless rest ;
By angelic bands conducted,
Still to be with Christ is best.

Oft when we have heard the story
Of the cross, we have been blest ;
Blissful antepast of glory,
Still to be with Christ is best.

175.

Children's Hymn—P.M.

NOW strike the tuneful string,
The great Redeemer sing,
Ye children all your voices raise,
Let all as one agree,
To sing his Majesty,
And sound aloud his matchless praise.

Now raise your voices high,
Sing him who came to die,
And emulate the choir above ;
Ye people join the song
And roll the notes along ;
And shout aloud his dying love.

He laid his glory by,
Came here to bleed and die,
His name by all shall be ador'd ;
Men shall revere his name,
And spread abroad his fame.
Our dying, rising, and eternal Lord.

Then strike the tuneful string,
Hail, everlasting King ;
Let old and young their voices raise,
With loud and rapturous strains,
Sing how o'er all he reigns ;
And through eternity rehearse his praise.

176.

Whither goest thou—P.M.

ASK you where it is I steer,
I'm going home ;
I have got no city here,
Heaven's my home ;
Far beyond the starry skies,
My divine possession lies ;
Thither soon I hope to rise,
Home, home, sweet home.

On that bright and blissful shore,
Home, home, sweet home ;
Pain and grief, are known no more,
Heaven's my home ;
Far beyond the lonely tomb,
Where the slayer cannot come,
There I shall for ever bloom !
Home, home, sweet home.

I am like a sailor here,
Toiling for home ;
Exercis'd by hope and fear,
Seering for home :

On the mighty waters tost,
Fearing all will soon be lost ;
Then by faith I view the coast,
Home, home, sweet home.

I am like a child at school,
Sighing for home ;
Oftimes my heart is full,
Thinking of home :
To my fellow scholars say,
It will be a happy day,
When from school we haste away,
Singing sweet home.

Like a traveller am I,
Far, far from home ;
Oft I send an anxious sigh,
Towards heaven my home :
Nothing here to court my stay,
All is fading fast away,
All on earth will soon decay,
Home, home, sweet home.

Now on Pisgah's top I stand,
Viewing my home ;
O the rich and flow'ry land,
Heaven's my home :
Had I wings, I soon would fly,
To my mansion in the sky,
Oh, it is gain to die,
Home, home, sweet home.

177.

Jesus, the Word—T.M.

HE who is called the word,
Jesus, the Lord most high,
Made this terrestrial ball,
And yonder starry sky ;
He form'd the universal frame,
Holy and reverend is his name.

"Let there be light," he said,
And then the glorious sun,
Pour'd forth unnumber'd rays,
And thus his course begun ;
He spake the all-creating word,
And chaos soon obey'd her Lord.

Of him, through him, to him,
Are all things here below ;
For him the stars do shine,
And seas do ebb and flow :
To him be endless praises given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Man by his hand was form'd,
With all his powers vast ;
The master-piece of all ;
By him was formed last,
"Let us make man," Jehovah said,
And man was in his image made.

178.

It is I! be not afraid—P.M.

WHEN the disciples on the sea,
By adverse winds were driven ;
Expecting they should soon be lost,
They rais'd their cry to heaven ;
When lo ! the Lord of life drew nigh,
And said "Fear not, for it is I!"

The wind with awful fury blew,
They row'd with all their might ;
Their fears were like a storm within ;
And gloomy was the night ;
They trembled when they heard him cry,
"Be of good cheer, for it is I!"

In majesty he rais'd his hand,
While standing on the deck,
The vessel at the moment reel'd,
And seem'd about to wreck!
When suddenly the sea was still,
The rolling waves obey'd his will.

We, who in Jesu's name believe,
(A world despised band,)
Have in the gospel ship embark'd,
For Canaan's peaceful land;
We have our storms to meet below,
Head winds against our vessel blow.

But in the dark and gloomy night,
We hear the Saviour's voice;
In tribulation he is near,
And we in him rejoice;
We know his oft repeated cry,
"Be of good cheer, for it is I!"

Soon to the bright and blissful shore
We shall in triumph come,
Singing, as we on Canaan land,—
Welcome immortal home;
Then shall we hear our Captain cry,
"Be of good cheer, for it is I!"

179.

The Song of Angels.

HASTE thee, pilgrim, come away,
Come to realms of endless day;
Come to thy immortal rest;
Come to heaven, and be blest;
Come, thy loving Lord to meet;
Come and take thy lofty seat;
Haste thee, pilgrim, come away,
Come to realms of endless day.

Come, and join thy friends again,
Where there is nor grief nor pain;
Where the tempter cannot come;
Where thou wilt for ever bloom;
Come the victor's palm to bear:
Come, the crown of life to wear;
Haste thee, pilgrim, come away,
Come to realms of endless day.

Come where trees immortal grow;
Come where streams immortal flow;
Come where harps immortal sound
Come where pleasures do abound;
Come to wear a robe of white;
Come to realms of endless light;
Haste thee, pilgrim, come away,
Come to realms of endless day.

Come to sing the song divine;
Come where saints for ever shine;
Where the Lamb shall ever feed,
And from fount, to fountain lead;
Come where death is never known;
Come to sit upon a throne:
Haste thee, pilgrim, come away,
Come to realms of endless day.

180.

Yet there is room—A.M.

THOUSANDS have to Jesus come,
Yet there is room;
Thousands have arriv'd at home,
Yet there is room—
In the precious gospel word,
In the bosom of your Lord;
Round the rich replenish'd board,
Yet there is room.

Cry aloud to all you meet,
 "Yet there is room !"
 Call them to the mercy seat ;
 Yet there is room ;
 Let not one be left behind,
 God hath bidden all mankind ;
 Those who seek shall surely find :
 Yet there is room.

To the mourner, bath'd in tears,
 Cry there is room ;
 Bid him now discharge his fears,
 Yet there is room ;
 To the Saviour bid him turn ;
 From his meek example learn ;
 Blessed are the souls who mourn ;
 Yet there is room ;

Say to that desponding soul,
 Yet there is room.
 Grace does like a torrent roll ;
 Yet there is room :
 Shout, "The Saviour died for thee,"
 To his side for refuge flee ;
 Mercy's full, and mercy's free ;
 Yet there is room.

Let the poor backslider know,
 Yet there is room ;
 Up to Calvary bid him go,
 Where there is room ;
 Tho' he's wander'd far away,
 Like a sheep that's gone astray,
 Christ can heal his soul to-day,
 Yet there is room.

To the furrow'd and the grey,
 Say, there is room ;
 To the foolish, young, and gay,
 Yet there is room !
 Ev'ry child of Adam call,
 Rich and poor, and great and small,
 Jesus waits to save them all ;
 Yet there is room.

181.

The Purifying Blood—C.M.

THE blood of Jesus Christ the Lord,
 Doth cleanse all sin away :
 Thus is it written in the word,
 And we that word obey.

What God hath promis'd he will do,
 If we his word believe ;
 He'll form the broken heart anew,
 And a right spirit give.

Then let us all devoutly pray,
 To him who reigns above ;
 Take Lord, the carnal mind away,
 And fill us with thy love.

Our duty this, our interest too,
 To be made free from sin :
 May God each panting heart renew,
 And bring his nature in.

He that is perfect, Christ does say,
 Shall as his master be ;
 Enjoy sweet peace from day to day,
 And God in glory see.

182.

*The Christian's Present Dwelling
Place—C.M.*

THE christian's present dwelling-place,
Is called a house of clay :
A tabernacle, frail and weak,
And subject to decay,

A temporary residence,
Expos'd to ev'ry blast ;
Intended to be taken down,
And be dissolv'd at last.

In this, he groans from day to-day,
Desiring to remove,
To his rich mansion in the skies,
His house which is above.

The christian has a final groan,
A final tear and sigh ;
His tabernacle drops at last,
His spirit soars on high.

183.

The Christian's Future Prospects—C.M.

WE know if this vile house of clay
Returns to dust again,
We have a house not made with hands,
Which ever will remain.

Do any ask how christians know
That they've a house in heaven ?
We answer, to the inmost soul,
The witness here is given.

The spirit of the living God,
Bears witness with their own,
That they are sons and also heirs,
To an immortal throne.

Let no one then despise the man,
Who can this sentence say ;
But rather fall before the Lord,
And for the blessing pray.

184.

The fire shall ever be burning—C.M.

Upon the altar of the heart,
Shall glow the flame divine,
And through the soul renewed by grace,
The heavenly light shall shine.

And on the altar in each house,
Where men their Maker know ;
The bliss-creating fire shall still
With holy ardour glow.

And from the altar of the church,
The flame shall still ascend ;
Till the last soul shall cry, Amen,
And time itself shall end.

At home, abroad, by night and day, :
The world's wide waste throughout ;
Upon these altars it shall burn,
And never more go out.

185.

Christ the first and last—P.M.

I AM Alpha and Omega,
The beginning and the end ;
First and last, the only Saviour ;
Man's unflinching faithful friend :
I am Jesus,
I'll be with thee to the end.

When the floods of earth surround thee,
When thou passest through the flame,
I'll support, and I'll deliver,
Never changing, still the same :
I am Jesus,
Prince, and Saviour, is my name.

When thy heart is overwhelmed,
When thy soul is in distress ;
I'll surround, sustain, and comfort,
Shield, and guard, and guide, and bless
I am Jesus,
I will all thy wants redress.

When thy feet shall touch the river,
When departs thy mortal breath,
Then I'll comfort and deliver,
And uphold thy soul in death ;
I am Jesus,
Still my arms are underneath.

186.

The burden of the Lord—C.M.

FEW people except 'infidels,
Who slight the living word,
Are ever heard to cry aloud,
"The burden of the Lord."

What is this burden, against which
They bitterly exclaim,—
"Obedience to the will of God,
And faith in Jesu's name."

Singing sweet hymns and psalms of praise,
Reading the word and pray'r,
Bearing reproach, denying self,
Are all the weights they bear.

The infidel should be the last,
To say a single word ;
He bears no burden of this kind,
Who does deny the Lord ;

"His yoke is easy, christians say,
His burden too is light ;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his judgments right."

"Although he slay me, I will trust
Alone in his great name ;
The just, the holy, and the good,
Unchangably the same.

Too wise to err, too good to be
To mortal man unkind ;
Known unto him are all his ways,
'Tis chance alone that's blind.

187.

Loud Hosannas.—P.M.

CHRISTIANS, sing your matchless Saviour,
Sing aloud his dying love,
Who for us, and our salvation,
Left the shining courts above.
Loud hosannas,
Sing to his immortal name.

Here, he was a man of sorrows,
 Here he suffer'd grief and pain ;
 Men esteem'd him stricken, smitten ;
 For our sins the Lamb was slain ;
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to His immortal name.

On the shameful tree extended,
 There he bows his head and dies ;
 " It is finished, it is finished,"
 With his dying breath he cries ;
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to His immortal name.

From the tomb he rose triumphant,
 Strong to conquer and to save ;
 Death's destroyer, man's Redeemer,
 Triumphs o'er the silent grave ;
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to his immortal name.

To his Father's throne ascended,
 There the Prince and Saviour stands ;
 There he pleads his death and passion ;
 There he spreads abroad his hands ;
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to his immortal name.

In our midst, we feel his presence,
 Cheering ev'ry waiting soul ;
 Rich and free, and full, his blessing ;
 Now the healing waters roll ;
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to his immortal name.

Louder, higher, sing the Saviour,
 Roll the lofty notes along ;
 Harp and lute, rehearse his praises ;
 Ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 Loud hosannas
 Sing to his immortal name.

188.

The former things are passed away—P.M.

TEMPTATIONS beset us below,
 As we for the kingdom repair ;
 But when we to paradise go,
 The tempter can never come there.

Affliction on earth is our lot,
 And sighing, and crying, and care ;
 The furnace sometimes waxeth hot,
 But sorrow can never come there.

We part with the brother we love,
 And mourning habiliments wear
 But parting is unknown above,
 Tears of sadness are never seen there.

Night hangs her dark curtains around,
 But the word of the Lord does declare,
 In heaven no darkness is found,
 Nor mental nor moral night there.

Death severs the ties which unite,
 And none can his breaches repair ;
 He hath lifted his weapon to smite,
 But the slayer can never come there.

Whom having not seen, yet we love,
 Who for the christian does care ;
 We shall see in the kingdom above,
 Our Jesus will ever be there.

E The harpers who sing round the throne,
 Who crowns of bright glory do wear ;
 And the friends whom on earth we have
 known,
 We shall meet with their palm branches
 there.

189.

Unity.—P.M.

OH 'tis pleasant, 'tis delightful,
 When we christian brethren see,
 All united in one spirit,
 And as brethren all agree ;
 Blessed harmony,
 Brethren in the Lord are one.

One in heart and one in object,
 Sweetly join'd to Christ their head ;
 Holy, peaceable, and harmless,
 By a child they may be led :
 Blessed harmony,
 Brethren in the Lord are one.

Here esteem'd as earthen vessels,
 By ungodly men despis'd :
 Names traduc'd, cast out as evil,
 By the Lord as jewels priz'd :
 Blessed harmony,
 Brethren in the Lord are one.

God is pleas'd, and holy angels,
 When this lovely sight they see ;
 Brethren all in one united,
 And in sentiment agree ;
 Blessed harmony,
 True believers all are one.

Thus they imitate the spirits,
 Round the bright and blissful throne;
 They in love are all united,
 And their happiness is one :
 Blessed harmony,
 Christian brethren should be one.

190.

The strength of burden bearers failing.—C.M.

THE strength of those who burdens bear,
 Begins at last to fall ;
 A state of things which christians should
 Decidedly bewail.

Two kinds of failure we deplore,
 Two sorts of men decay ;
 The first are worn by constant toil,
 The other falls away.

Thus premature old age has come,
 And premature decay ;
 On some young men whom well we knew,
 But youths the other day.

Early in life they went to work,
 To build the living wall ;
 To care for never-dying souls,
 Prostrated by the fall.

By the great Architect divine,
 The call to them was given ;
 And such will find an early grave,
 And such an early heaven.

But that which we deplore the most,
 Is spiritual decay :
 Declining from the ways of God,
 And giving o'er to pray !

What numbers here and there we meet,
 Who once did burdens bear ;
 Men full of zeal for God and man,
 Devoted men of pray'r.

Their fall we mourn, who from the work
Disgracefully have fled ;
Still God is able, and will send
Fresh lab'ers in their stead.

And so the walls in evil times,
Shall be built up by grace ;
And ev'ry gate with bars and bolts,
Be fixed in their place.

191.

Work while it is day—C.M.

WORK thou the work of God Most High,
While it is called day ;
For swift thy hours are fleeting by,
And soon will pass away.

Repent the follies thou hast done,
And yield thyself to God ;
To Christ for refuge quickly run,
And plead his precious blood.

Watch, pray, believe, thyself deny,
Care for thy neighbour too ;
Lay ev'ry weight directly by,
And truth alone pursue.

So when the final hour shall come,
When life's last sands are run ;
Thy Saviour may invite thee home,
And say to thee, well done !

Rest from thy labour, rest with me,
Thou shalt not weep again ;
Rest in the country of the free,
World without end, Amen.

192.

Perseverance—C.M.

OUR motto shall be "Onward still,"
We have no city here ;
Though it be dark, and all up hill,
We mean to persevere.

When persecution draws her sword,
To scatter and to slay ;
Trusting in God's unchanging word,
We'll urge our homeward way.

When pale affliction waves her rod,
And heats her furnace hot,
We'll trust the mighty grace of God,
And sing, and murmur not.

When friends are turned to bitter foes,
And flee from us away,
We'll cling to Sharon's lovely rose,
And more than ever pray.

The end of all our sufferings here,
We know is near at hand ?
We mean to pray and persevere,
Till round the throne we stand.

Who bear the cross shall wear the crown,
Who suffer here shall reign ;
Who run the race shall soon sit down,
Where comes no grief or pain.

193.

The Holy Sabbath—10 s.

HAIL ! holy sabbath, sacred day of rest,
The day which God hath sanctified and blest ;
The man whose heart is fill'd with heavenly light

Will call the sabbath his supreme delight,
 He rests from labour on this hallow'd day,
 All worldly thoughts are banish'd far away ;
 To soul affairs in earnest he attends,
 And from his altar holy flame ascends.
 He hears with joy the sanctifying word,
 And pays his vows to his Almighty Lord ;
 Joins in the hymn which holy people sing,
 To Jesus Christ, the everlasting King.
 Each sabbath-day he does in prospect spend,
 Of one in heaven, which never more shall end ;
 Where all the saints around the blissful throne,
 Shall worship God in love and joy unknown.

194.

The holy fire—C.M.

O Saviour, grant us this request,
 Fulfil this one desire ;
 Inflame our ev'ry waiting breast,
 With thy celestial fire !

What are our sermons, prayers, and songs,
 How soon our spirits tire ;
 The sounds flow languid o'er our tongues,
 Unless we feel the fire.

Enlarge and bless each panting heart,
 Each soul with love inspire ;
 Light, life, and liberty impart,
 And send the holy fire.

Then will we pray and never cease,
 And sing and never tire ;
 Enjoy thy uncreated peace,
 And the reviving fire.

Men may our life and zeal despise,
 But we will still rise higher ;
 Aspiring to the lofty skies,
 Fill'd with the heavenly fire !

195.

O Lord, Remember Me—C.M.

IN all the changing scenes below,
 Whate'er my lot may be,
 Where'er I stay, where'er I go,
 O Lord, remember me.

When darkness doth my soul surround,
 Help me to stay on thee ;
 Let nought my helpless soul confound,
 O Lord, remember me.

When on the mighty waters tost,
 I'll think, my God, on thee ;
 My rock, my refuge, and my trust,
 O Lord, remember me.

When sickness wastes my mortal frame,
 Thy hand, O may I see ;
 Then will I call upon thy name,
 O Lord, remember me.

When death, my latest foe, appears,
 To set my spirit free ;
 Hush thou to silence all my fears,
 O Lord, remember me.

196.

Forget me not—C.M.

WHENE'ER o'er this wild waste I roam,
 Whate'er may be my lot,
 To thee with this short prayer I come,
 O Lord, forget me not.

In time of sickness or of health,
In palace or in cot,
In deepest poverty or wealth,
O Lord, forget me not.

When fiery darts against my soul,
From Satan's bow are shot ;
When bitter waves against me roll,
O Lord, forget me not.

When friends are turn'd to bitter foes,
When persecution's hot ;
In light, in darkness, ebbs and flows,
O Lord, forget me not.

When death thy messenger does come,
When he dissolves the knot ;
As sinks my body to the tomb,
O Lord, forget me not.

197.

The Sinner Departing—P.M.

SEE the guilty sinner enter
The abode of dark despair,
While ten thousand shrieks of horror
Meet him as he enters there.

Plung'd in the abyss of ruin,
Ever sinking, sinking down ;
Crush'd beneath the curse of heaven,—
God's vindictive awful frown.

Storms of vengeance still pursuing,
Forked lightnings flashing round,
Hope and mercy gone for ever,
Peace and comfort never found.

There remorse shall find the sinner,
Like a vulture gnaw his soul ;
While the dashing waves of vengeance
Furiously around him roll.

There the wail of the lost spirit
Echoes through the vaults of hell ;
Lost for ever, lost for ever,
Heaven and happiness, farewell.

198.

Hymn—4 lines 7s.

GOD of truth, of grace, and might,
Dwelling in unbounded light,
From thy bright celestial throne,
Look in tender mercy down.

Look on us who here agree
To present our prayer to thee ;
Thou canst all our wants redress,
Thou canst cheer, revive, and bless.

For the sinner we would pray,
Lord remove his guilt away ;
Light and life, and grace impart,
Break and bind the broken heart.

Bless the mourner, gracious Lord,
He who trembles at thy word ;
Dry his penitential tears,
Hush to silence all his fears.

Bless thy church and people here,
Fill thy courts with holy fear ;
Sprinkle all our hearts with blood,
Prosper Zion, gracious God.

Let thy light and truth go forth,
Through the nations of the earth ;
Dissipate their moral gloom,
Let the dreary desert bloom.

199.

Now is the Day of Salvation—C.M.

BEGIN just now to serve the Lord,
Begin just now to pray ;
He runs a most alarming risk,
Who does this work delay.

Procrastination robs the soul,
And steals away your time ;
He who delays from day to day,
Gets hardened in his crime.

To-day, while it is called day,
Before night's shadows fall,
Give God an undivided heart,
And at his footstool fall.

Plead at the throne the precious blood,
The blood which did atone ;
And God will pardon all your guilt,
Through Jesus Christ his Son.

The penitent who does believe,
Whose heart with grief is riven.
Shall hear a whisper, Go in peace,
Thy sins are all forgiven.

200.

Look to the other Side—C.M.

THERE are two sides to human life,
One dark—the other bright ;
Sunshine and shade, and love and strife,
Clear day and gloomy night.

Affliction, poverty, and loss,
We call the gloomy side ;
We often talk about our cross,
As through the world we glide.

Friends often leave us when we need
Their counsel and their aid ;
Our bitter foes are well agreed,
To make our souls afraid.

We die a thousand deaths for one,
Our sorrows we invite,
And into self-made troubles run,
And stumble in the night.

A man is ill for fifty days,
How hard his lot appears ;
The other side at once displays
Good health for fifty years.

A second speaks of want of bread—
Two days he's had to fast ;
The other side, he has been fed,
For forty years gone past.

Alas ! my friends, exclaims a third,
Have fled from me away ;
Still they were true unto their word,
A week ago to-day.

Great God, forgive each murm'ring thought,
Our doubts, and fears, and pride ;
And help us who so far are brought,
To view the other side.

Thy mercies far outweigh our woes,
By day and night supplied ;
And still thy grace towards us flows,
A never failing tide.

Give unto each a thankful heart,
For ev'ry favour past;
And fresh supplies do thou impart,
While shine and shade shall last.

201.

The shortness of Life—C.M.

LIFE is a vapour, which appears,
Then vanisheth away;
A fading flow'r, a tale that's told,
A short, uncertain day.

A space which intervenes between
The cradle and the grave;
The only time, allotted man,
His deathless soul to save.

The seed-time of immortal bliss,
Or everlasting woe;
In that unbounded world to come,
We reap what here we sow.

Who sows the wind while in this life,
Shall reap the whirlwind there;
And he who to the Spirit sows,
Shall life eternal share.

Think on these things, ye dying men,
Ye thoughtless and ye gay,
Or deep in the eternal gulph,
You'll ever rue the day.

202.

Jesus.

LOVING Saviour, gracious Lord,
Prince of Peace, immortal Word
Husband, Father, Brother, Friend,
Now to bless me condescend.

Prophet, Priest, and King Most High,
Thou who didst for sinners die;
Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
Now my soul in safety keep.

Rock of ages, refuge nigh,
Thou art higher, Lord, than I;
While the waves around me roll,
From destruction save my soul.

Sun of righteousness divine,
Star of Jacob, thou art mine;
In the dark and gloomy night,
Be my comfort, guide, and light.

Rose of Sharon, Lily fair,
Hear my simple, fervent prayer;
Let thy rich and sweet perfume,
Cheer me to the lonely tomb.

203.

Will ye also go away.

WILL ye also go away?
Christ did to his followers say,
Witnesses of what I've done,
Will ye from your Saviour run?
Ye whom I have often fed,
With the true and living bread,
Freed from bondage, guilt, and sin,
Fill'd with light and life within,
Blest with peace and joy unknown,
You whom I have called my own,
Hear ye what your Lord does say,
Will ye also go away?
Lord, to whom then shall we go?
Who in heaven, or earth below?
None but thee has life to give,

None but thee can us receive :
 If we turn to sin again,
 We amongst the dead remain :
 Lord, to thee we now would cleave,
 To thy bosom us receive,
 Shield us from Satanic power,
 Guard us in each trying hour,
 Guide us in the narrow way,
 Teach us how to watch and pray,
 And when life's short race is run,
 O receive us to thy throne.

204.

Preach the Blest Gospel—P.M.

PREACH the blest gospel o'er earth and o'er sea,
 The Saviour has suffer'd on Mount Calvary ;
 Shout, shout aloud, from the top of the mountain,
 Jesus is mighty his people to save,
 He who for uncleanness has open'd a fountain,
 And smoothed the passage which leads to the grave.
 Preach the blest gospel o'er earth and o'er sea,
 The Saviour has suffer'd on Mount Calvary.

Come view him by faith fast nail'd to the wood,
 Appeasing the wrath of his Father and God ;
 See, see how his blood in rich torrents is streaming,
 It flows from his head, his hands, and his feet :
 His blood is atoning, his blood is redeeming,
 Now justice and mercy each other can meet,
 Preach the blest gospel o'er earth and o'er sea,
 The Saviour has suffer'd on Mount Calvary.

All hail, mighty Saviour, we'll sing to the Lord,
 We'll publish abroad the heart-cheering word ;
 To every creature we'll tell the blest story,
 Redemption proclaim through Jesus's blood ;

He only has open'd our passage to glory ;
 Man now can approach to his reconcil'd God,
 Preach the blest gospel o'er earth and o'er sea,
 The Saviour has suffer'd on Mount Calvary .

205.

Pity the Blind—P.M.

LORD hear my humble cry,
 Pity the blind ;
 Look from thy throne on high,
 Pity the blind :
 Blind and dark I am within,
 Unto thee, myself, and sin,
 O bring thy nature in,
 Pity the blind.

Long have I been in this state,
 Pity the blind ;
 Quite secure until of late,
 Pity the blind :
 God of truth, of grace, and might,
 From thy throne above all height,
 Pour the soul-reviving light,
 Pity the blind.

Clear the mental films away,
 Pity the blind ;
 Turn my darkness into day,
 Pity the blind :
 Others speak of what they see,
 In thy word and works of thee,
 But it is not so with me,
 Pity the blind.

Thou who didst for sinners feel,
 Pity the blind ;
 Unto thee I now appeal,

Pity the blind :
 Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
 Son of David, Son of God,
 Sprinkle now thy precious blood,
 Pity the blind.

I can never let thee rest.
 Pity the blind ;
 Till with light my soul is blest,
 Pity the blind :
 O irradiate my mind,
 To my pray'r be now inclin'd,
 Pity, Lord, the poor and blind,
 Pity the blind.

 206.

The Twenty-third Psalm—P.M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I shall be supplied
 With all things needful, whilst I here abide ;
 He feeds my soul,
 And makes me whole,
 And I believe
 I shall receive,
 From his right hand
 The power to stand,
 From day to day,
 In the good way.
 He makes my soul in pastures green to rest,
 With all things needful I am daily blest.

Beside the stream which issues from his throne,
 He leads my soul in tender mercy on.
 I will not fear
 While he is near,
 He will defend
 Me to the end :
 The wolf of prey
 By night and day

Shall strive in vain
 My soul to gain.
 He for his namesake will restore and bless,
 And lead me on in paths of righteousness.

Yea, though the vale of death I travel through,
 My latest foe he can and will subdue.
 He's near my bed
 To lift my head,
 To wipe my tears,
 To chase my fears,
 And when I stoop,
 He lifts me up ;
 'Tis sweet to die,
 With Jesus by.
 His rod and staff in death shall comfort me,
 And after death I shall his glory see.

For me a table he does still prepare,
 Before my foes, and heavenly is the fare.
 Upon my head,
 Thy oil is shed,
 Anointed thine,
 By grace divine ;
 With living bread,
 My soul is fed,
 O who can be
 So rich as me.
 Thy goodness follows my astonish'd soul,
 And mercy, like the waves, around me roll.

 207.

Hymn—L.M.

HAIL, thou ever blessed Jesus,
 High enthron'd in endless light ;
 Thou canst bless, defend, and save us
 From the shades of endless night.

Far from thee, by sin revolted,
Bound in prison, lo, we lay ;
Thou our prison door unbolted,
Thou hast took our guilt away.

In return our hearts we give thee,
This is all we can bestow ;
As our God and guide receive thee,
Through this dreary vale of woe.

Nought below affords us pleasure,
Nought is worth a thought beneath ;
Heaven holds our richest treasure,
For that treasure, earth we leave.

Thou alone art our protection,
Thou alone our strength and shield ;
Save us Lord, from imperfection,
Save us, till we quit the field.

208.

Praise—P.M.

COME, brethren, rejoice,
Let us lift up our voice
To Jesus, our Saviour and King ;
We will praise him below,
While in this vale of woe,
And in heaven with angels will sing.

In the regions above,
We will sing of his love,
Who is mighty to bless and to save ;
With him we shall reign,
Free from sorrow and pain,
From the power of death and the grave.

We shall dwell in his sight,
In ineffable light,
And the long-look'd-for prize will be given,
With palms in our hand,
On the mount we shall stand,
And the vision of God will be heaven.

209.

Hope.

FROM toil and trouble here,
I soon shall rise,
And everlasting glory share
Beyond the skies.

There I shall see his face,
O happy hour !
And sing of his redeeming grace,
And boundless pow'r.

No sin can enter there,
My peace to mar ;
Immortal bliss I then shall share,
Where comes no war.

The sun, no more by day
Will be my light ;
Nor will the moon display
Its beams by night.

A brighter sun will shine
In my abode ;
Jesus, with beams divine,—
Jesus and God.

A day without a night,
I then shall spend ;
And dwell for ever in the sight
Of Christ, my friend.

210.

Cling to the Cross—P.M.

CHRISTIAN, whate'er may betide thee below,
 Cling to the cross :
 As through the world to the kingdom you go,
 Cling to the cross ;
 None but the Saviour continue to sing,
 He is your Prophet your Priest, and your King,
 He will the wonted deliverance bring,
 Cling to the cross.

When persecution does brandish her sword,
 Cling to the cross,
 Trust thou alone in thy crucified Lord,
 Cling to the cross ;
 Think what for thee he on Calvary bore,
 Pierced and wounded, and cover'd with gore,
 High in the kingdom, they trouble no more,
 Cling to the cross.

When all thy friends have deserted and fled,
 Cling to the cross,
 When earthly comfort are wither'd and dead,
 Cling to the cross ;
 Changes await us in this vale of woe,
 Head winds against us with fury do blow,
 Soon to our rest far away we shall go,
 Cling to the cross.

When pale affliction thy strength does consume
 Cling to the cross,
 Jesus has smoothen'd thy path to the tomb,
 Cling to the cross :
 He who for us was derided and slain,
 In the dark tomb for a season has lain,
 But, O remember, he's risen again,
 Cling to the cross.

When on the banks of the river you stand
 Cling to the cross,
 Taking a view of the promised land,
 Cling to the cross :
 As fade the visions of time from the sight,
 Through the dark valley He'll be thy sure light,
 Then as thy spirit is taking its flight,
 Cling to the cross.

211.

Moderate your sorrow for the dead—P.M.

WEEP not for the dead who have died in
 the Lord,
 But weep for the living who still have to die,
 The dead are receiving their endless reward,
 In regions of glory exalted on high.
 O think on the bliss which their spirits enjoy,
 And the exquisite pleasure in heaven they
 share ;
 And weep for the living who yet have to die,
 And pray that the living might meet with
 them there.

212.

Farewell—C.M.

THE meeting's o'er, adieu, adieu,
 In love strive to excel ;
 And pray for me,—I'll pray for you,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.

We often meet and part below,
 While on this earth we dwell ;
 But greater bliss we soon shall know,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.

Should we be spar'd to meet again,
 Good news we hope to tell ;
 How each in grace and knowledge grow,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.

We soon shall meet in heaven above,
 The Saviour's praise to swell ;
 And then we'll feast upon his love,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell.

213.

The Parting—L.M.

THIS hard, 'tis hard to part,
 With one we love so dear ;
 Grief overwhelms the heart,
 And prompts the falling tear ;
 For one, alas, I'm left to mourn,
 Who will no more to me return.

The body now is dead,
 A lifeless lump of clay ;
 The immortal soul is fled,
 Far, far from earth away ;
 For one alas, I'm left to mourn,
 Who will no more to me return.

Death is a solemn day.
 A dark and painful hour,
 All must his call obey,
 None can withstand his power ;
 For one, alas, I'm left to mourn,
 Who will no more to me return.

Farewell, my friend, farewell,
 Soon I shall come to thee,
 Around the throne to dwell,
 From sin and sorrow free ;
 Now will I cease to weep and mourn,
 Tho' thou no more to me return.

214.

Yet there is room—P.M.

AS Jesus commanded,
 So we have obey'd
 His mercy and love,
 To the people display'd ;
 We've warn'd and entreated
 Poor sinners to come,
 But still at the banquet
 There's plenty of room.

We've told them, salvation
 For all men is free ;
 'Twas purchas'd by Jesus,
 On Mount Calvary,
 We've warn'd and entreated
 Poor sinners to come,
 But still at the banquet
 There's plenty of room.

215.

The Spanish Chaunt—P.M.

HAIL, everlasting King,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Let all the people sing
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Touch'd with seraphic fire,
 Now lift your voices higher,
 Sing on, and never tire,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Join every heart and tongue,
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 Roll the sweet notes along,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Sing to the Lord Most High,
 He who made earth and sky,
 Who sent his Son to die,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Hail, glorious Son of God !
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 Thou who didst shed thy blood,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Thou, who to set us free,
 Groan'd on Mount Calvary ;
 Loud we would sing to thee,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Hail, Holy spirit, too,
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 Thou dost our heart renew,
 Hallelujah, Amen :
 Shed forth thy rays divine,
 Now on our spirits shine,
 Praise, endless praise be thine,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

216.

Part Second.

HASTE, Lord, the happy day,
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 When all shall own thy sway,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 When each shall bow the knee,
 Love, serve, and honour thee,
 One God, in persons three,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Let all the idols fall,
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 Save, Lord, the great and small,
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 Send forth thy sacred word,
 Save souls, eternal Lord,
 And let this song be heard,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Save, Lord, the rising race,
 Hallelujah, Amen,
 Conquer their hearts by grace
 Hallelujah, Amen ;
 May they be taught of thee,
 From sin preserved free,
 All thy salvation see,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

217.

Christmas Hymn.

LET us hail the blest morn,
 When the Saviour was born,
 To save the lost race of mankind ;
 When he left his bright throne,
 And in mercy came down,
 That through him we redemption may find.

Let us hail the blest day,
 When the angels did say,
 Fear not, for we bring you good news ;
 In the city you'll find,
 The friend of mankind,
 A ransom for Gentiles and Jews.

The wise men from afar,
 Being led by his star,
 To him their rich presents did bring ;
 They bow'd down before,
 To praise and adore,
 Their Prophet, their Priest, and their King.

Let us hail the blest morn,
 When the Saviour was born,
 To ransom and rescue lost men,
 Our Prophet and King,
 Let us all join to sing,
 Hallelujah, Amen and Amen.

218.

Trust in the Lord—P.M.

ART thou a mourner, with sorrow oppress?
 Trust in the Lord;
 He has pronounced the mourner as blest,
 Trust in the Lord;
 Jesus for thee in his vestment appears,
 He'll hush to silence thy turbulent fears,
 He in his mercy will wipe off thy tears,
 Trust in the Lord.

Art thou afflicted in body or mind?
 Trust in the Lord;
 He to thy pray'r will be ever inclined,
 Trust in the Lord:
 These light afflictions for long will not last,
 He'll calm thy fears, and hush the rude blast,
 On him thy burden believingly cast,
 Trust in the Lord.

Art thou a widow in loneliness left?
 Trust in the Lord;
 Has he not promis'd to help the bereft?
 Trust in the Lord:
 I'll be a husband and friend unto thee,
 Leave all thy fatherless children to me,
 Thou shalt my hand of deliverance see,
 Trust in the Lord.

At home, abroad, by night and by day,
 Trust in the Lord;
 He is the life, and the truth, and the way,
 Trust in the Lord:
 When cheer'd by friends or harass'd by foes,
 In shine and shade, and in ebbs and flows,
 Still in his mercy and goodness repose,
 Trust in the Lord;

And when at last thou art call'd to die,
 Trust in the Lord;
 Still on his arm and his promise rely,
 Trust in the Lord:
 He'll be thy faithful, unwavering friend,
 He will support till the struggle shall end,
 Then to the kingdom thy soul shall ascend,
 Trust in the Lord.

219.

The Last Judgment—P.M.

TO Judgment, to judgment, to judgment
 away,
 For the day has arrived, the last solemn day;
 The clang of the trumpet is sounding from
 far,
 And calling the nations to stand at the bar.
 To judgment, to judgment, to judgment away,
 For the day has arrived, the last solemn day.

The earth and the sea are resigning their
 dead,
 And the trembling mountains are bowing
 their head;
 The sun is blown out, and the moon turn'd
 to blood,
 And now in mid heaven appears the great
 God.
 To judgment, to judgment, to judgment
 away,
 For the day has arrived, the last judgment
 day.

The stars from their orbits in multitudes
 fall,
 And the heaven's roll'd up as a parchment
 scroll;
 The great and the mighty, o'erwhelmed with
 shame,

Are seeking to hide from the wrath of the
Lamb.

To judgment, to judgment, to judgment away,
For the day has arrived, the last judgment
day.

The throne is now set, and the books open'd
wide,
Out of which men and angels are now to be
tried ;

The atheist, and deist, and scoffer are here,
And the man who his Maker did honour
and fear.

To judgment, to judgment, to judgment away
For the day has arrived, the last judgment
day.

'Tis finish'd, the judgment is over and past,
The righteous are clear'd, and the wicked
are cast ;

The righteous ascend with their Saviour to
dwell,

The wicked descend with the dragon to hell,
From judgment, from judgment, from judg-
ment away,

For the day is concluded, the last judgment
day.

220.

Parting—P.M.

CALL'D for a while to part,
In body, not in heart,
Our hearts continue one ;
And in God's ways we'll run,
Till life is o'er :
We ne'er may meet again,
While we on earth remain,
Till we the kingdom gain,
And reach the shore.

Tho' troubles mark the way,
Still let us watch and pray,
And never, never cease,
Till we enjoy that peace,
And reign above ;
Until we've run our race,
And fall before his face,
There sing redeeming grace,
And dwell in love.

Ye sons of God, farewell,
In peace and concord dwell,
And soon you shall behold,
The city pav'd with gold,
That blest abode ;
There with your Saviour reign,
On Canaan's peaceful plain :
O let us strive to gain,
A sight of God.

Farewell, my friends, who mourn,
From sin to Jesus turn ;
And mercy you shall have,
For Jesus died to save
You from your sin :
Not one shall be denied,
Come, feel his blood applied,
And know that Jesus died,
Your hearts to win.

Ye guilty souls, farewell,
You are expos'd to hell,
And all its pains ;
To death and endless chains,
To dark despair ;
But while the lamp does burn,
From ev'ry evil turn,
Or you will have to mourn
For ever there.

221.

By the grace of God I am what I am.

ALL glory be to God,
And to the bleeding Lamb,
'Tis by his matchless grace alone,
That I am what I am.

My former life I spent
In folly, sin, and shame,
But since my heart by grace is chang'd,
I've also chang'd my name.

Bold sinner I was call'd,
Before my change took place,
But in my new and blest estate,
A sinner sav'd by grace.

In fighting against God,
My strength I us'd to spend,
Then I was justly call'd a foe,
Now Jesus calls me friend.

I am not what I was,
Nor what I hope to be,
Still by the saving grace of God,
My soul from guilt is free.

I press towards the mark,
And hope to apprehend
More of the mind which was in Christ,
Till mortal life shall end.

Then join the blood-wash'd throng,
To praise the bleeding Lamb,
And tell the saints, by grace alone,
That I am what I am.

222.

There is a time to weep—S.M.

WE mourn departed friends,
Who in the Saviour sleep,
Still there are other things o'er which
As Christians we should weep.

Our cold and lifeless state,
Our distance from the Lord,
Our love for things beneath the Sun,
Our deadness to the word.

And ought we not to weep,
O'er those who rush along ;
Who madly seek eternal death,
The vain, and guilty throng.

O'er our apostate friends,
Who once our brethren were,
But now have left the fold of Christ,
And the good Shepherd's care.

Our kindred in the flesh,
Brothers and sisters dear,
Who still are enemies to God,
These each demand a tear.

223.

Sweet Contemplations—S.M.

HOW sweet to contemplate
Those blissful scenes above,
In that bright land of pure delight,
The realms of perfect love.

Unwash'd by time's rude waves,
 Unbleach'd by wintry blasts
 The flowers there do never fade,
 The pleasures ever last.

How peaceful ev'ry bow'r,
 How fragrant ev'ry breath ;
 Away from sin, and mortal woe,
 Away from night and death.

Bright are the crowns they wear,
 Their robes are purest white ;
 They walk the golden streets above,
 God and the Lamb their light.

Loud are the songs they sing,
 High are the notes they raise,
 To him who wash'd them in his blood,
 They offer ceaseless praise.

224.

Farewell, my Brother—P.M.

FAITHFUL and devoted brother,
 Thou hast left this vale of woe :
 Thou art gone to rest for ever,
 Where immortal pleasures flow.

Thou art gone where harps are sounding,
 There with life eternal blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

All thy mortal toils are ended,
 We shall see thy face no more,
 Till we overtake thy spirit,
 On the bright and blissful shore.

While we weep at thy removal
 From our tempted ranks beneath ;
 Thou art high in glory seated,
 Victor over sin and death !

We are on the sea of trouble,
 Tempest-tost and ocean-driven ;
 Thou hast reached the port of glory.
 Thou art crown'd at last in heaven.

Bright thy prospects, clear thy exit,
 Thou wast like the evening sun,
 Clear and cloudless at thy setting,
 When thy mortal race was run.

225.

The Pilgrim's Dying Words—C.M.

I'VE not a wish, desire, or hope,
 Concerning things below ;
 Try not to hold me to the earth,
 But let my spirit go.

I want to go, I long to go,
 To see my Saviour's face ,
 To take my stand before the throne,
 And sing redeeming grace.

I've not a shadow of a doubt,
 Or fear upon my mind ;
 But all which Christ has promis'd me,
 I shall in glory find.

Bright angels from the spirit-land
 Will bear my soul away,
 To see my God, and, join my friends
 In heaven's celestial day.

'Tis not for works which I have done
That God accepteth me ;
'Tis all of grace from first to last,
Grace therefore must be free.

226.

Now is the Accepted Time—C.M.

NOW is the accepted time,
To give up every sin ;
Mercy's door stands open wide,
And you may enter in.

Now is the accepted time
To wash in Jesu's blood,
To feel his pard'ning love within,
And know the grace of God.

Now is the accepted time
To offer fervent prayer,
The throne is now accessible,
And Christ, your friend, is there.

O listen to the gracious call,
Which now to you is given ;
Make up your minds to serve the Lord,
And live the life of heaven.

If you should overstay your time,
And still refuse to come,
Your soul and heaven will both be lost,
And hell will be your doom.

227.

The Mourner—P.M.

LONG have I been tempest-tost,
Long have I been ocean-driven,
Now I fear I shall be lost,
And then I hope for heaven ;
Drifted by the rolling waves,
No sign of help I see ;
Lord be merciful I cry,
Be merciful to me.

All around the billows foam,
And toss me here and there :
Now I am inclin'd to hope,
Then sink into despair :
All within is tempest too,
Just like the ruffled sea ;
Save me, or I perish Lord,
Be merciful to me.

I have hoisted, but in vain,
My signal of distress ;
Are there none who see my state,
Will no one help and bless ;
Must I sink beneath the wave,
And perish in the sea ?
Lord be merciful I cry,
Be merciful to me.

Deep on deep aloud does call,
My soul is fill'd with dread,
All thy dashing waves have gone
Over my guilty head ;
But I see one drawing nigh,
He walks upon the sea,
'Tis my Lord, I'll cry again,
Be merciful to me,

Hush ! ye boist'rous winds which blow,
 Ye rolling waves be still ;
 Lo ! the winds obey his voice,
 The storm obeys his will,
 Now I enter into rest,
 Still on the mighty sea,
 Peace and hope within my breast,
 My Lord has set me free.

228.

One event to all—C.M.

THERE is one event to all,
 Death is our common lot,
 The monarch on his stately throne,
 The beggar in his cot.

We flourish for a time, and then
 We to the grave descend,
 Where foe beside his foeman lies,
 And friend beside his friend.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 Applies alike to all,
 To rich and poor, to young and old,
 To great as well as small.

Like posts or ships we pass away,
 From all the visions here ;
 Like meteors blazing for a time,
 And then we disappear.

O may we live to God alone,
 Then when we're call'd to die,
 We may in peace give up our trust,
 And reign above the sky.

229.

Christmas Hymn—C.M.

ARISE, arise, ye slum'ring souls,
 Arise both great and small,
 And hail the birth of Jesus Christ,
 And crown him Lord of all.

While angel hosts before the throne
 In adoration fall,
 Let mortals join in holy song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

For us he once became a man,
 To raise us from the fall ;
 Let all mankind his mercy sing,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Then rise and sing a morning hymn,
 Obey our humble call,
 Join every heart, and every tongue,
 And crown him Lord of all.

230.

*Laying the first Stone of a Place of
 Worship—4 lines 8, and 2 6s.*

ALMIGHTY God look from thy throne
 While thus we lay the corner stone
 Of this new house of pray'r ;
 Regard our object gracious Lord,
 And every needful aid afford,
 And all our hearts prepare.

In humble cottages around,
 We long have heard the joyful sound,
 And held the means of grace ;
 Long have we cried, "Lord give us room,"
 And thou unto our help hast come,
 And blest us with this place.

Thou hast inclin'd unto our cry,
 From thy eternal throne on high,
 Thy rich and gracious throne,
 Here we are brought to sing and pray,
 On this distinguish'd happy day,
 To lay this corner stone.

Thy servants bless and own and spare,
 While they the superstructure rear,
 On this selected place,
 And when the work is fully wrought.
 The topstone shall be homeward brought
 With loudest songs of grace.

231.

Opening Hymn.—L.M.

JEHOVAH, God of truth and grace,
 Come down and consecrate this place,
 Which now we dedicate to Thee,
 One sovereign Lord in persons three.

Send down the soul-reviving flame,
 And here record Thy gracious name,
 Display thy wonder-working grace,
 In saving souls within this place.

Here while we sing thy glorious praise,
 While we our hearts and voices raise,
 Light, life, and liberty impart,
 And sanctify each waiting heart.

Here while thy people kneel to pray,
 Thy saving pow'r O Lord display,
 Thy holy arm just now make bare,
 In answer to our fervent pray'r.

Here whilst thy servants preach thy word,
 Save precious souls Almighty Lord,
 So shall this humble temple prove
 A training school for heaven above.

Here souls new-born shall praise thy name
 With hearts and tongues of holy flame,
 Thine shall the glory ever be,
 Through time, and in eternity.

232.

The Christian's Choice—P.M.

MY heart is fix'd, eternal God,
 Fix'd on thee ;
 And my immortal choice is made,
 Christ for me.
 He is my prophet, priest, and king,
 Who did for me salvation bring ;
 And while I've breath, I mean to sing,
 Christ for me.

In him I see the Godhead shine,
 Christ for me ;
 He is the Majesty divine,
 Christ for me ;
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Co-partner of his royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone,
 Christ for me.

To-day as yesterday, the same,
 Christ for me ;
 How precious is his balmy name,
 Christ for me ;
 Christ a mere man, may answer you,
 Who error's winding path pursue ;
 But I with part can never do,
 Christ for me.

Let others boast of harps of gold,
 Christ for me :
 His riches never can be told,
 Christ for me ;
 Your gold will waste and wear away,
 Your honours perish in a day ;
 My portion never can decay,
 Christ for me.

In pining sickness, or in health,
 Christ for me :
 In deepest poverty, or wealth,
 Christ for me :
 And in that all-important day,
 When I the summons must obey,
 And pass from this dark world away,
 Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night and day,
 Christ for me ;
 Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray,
 Christ for me :
 Him first and last, him all day long,
 My hope, my solace, and my song ;
 Convince me if you think I'm wrong,
 Christ for me.

Now who can sing my song, and say
 "Christ for me ?
 My life and truth, my light and way,
 Christ for me :"
 Can you old men and women, there
 With furrow'd cheeks and silv'ry hair,
 Now from your inmost soul declare,
 Christ for me ?

Can you, young men and maidens, say
 "Christ for me ?
 Him will I love, and him obey ;
 Christ for me ?"
 Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 We'll form a little singing band,
 And shout aloud throughout the land,
 Christ for me.

233.

Sing with me—P.M.

SING with me, sing with me,
 Ye whose hearts are light and free,
 Imitate the choir above,
 Sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Touch'd with the seraphic fire,
 Lift your hearts and voices higher ;
 Praise to Jesus Christ belongs,
 Praise him then in all your songs.

Sing with me, sing with me,
 Ye whose hearts are light and free ;
 Hail the everlasting King.
 Let the earth and heavens ring ;
 He for us resign'd his breath,
 He has lov'd us unto death,
 Endless praise to him be given,
 Lord of earth, and Lord of heaven.

Sing with me, sing with me,
 Ye whose hearts are light and free ;
 Earth is not the christian's home,
 Soon to Zion we shall come ;
 Far from earth away, away,
 Shines an everlasting day ;
 To your mansions in the skies,
 Now with songs, ye saints, arise.

234.

The Hour of Prayer—P.M.

THE hour of prayer, the hour of prayer,
 Ye saints of God attend,
 And low before the mercy-seat,
 In solemn reverence bend.
 In faith approach the throne of grace,
 Ye trembling sons of men ;
 Responding to each others' prayer,
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

In Ezra's time the people met,
 To hear the written word ;
 When the devoted scribe made prayer,
 To Israel's gracious Lord,
 A trembling awe came o'er the host,
 The Lord was present then,
 And all the people cried aloud,
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

The Church of Christ in ancient times,
 Met in the open air,
 To hear the Word, to sing their hymns,
 And offer fervent prayer ;
 Their shouts like rolling thunder broke,
 O'er mountain, field, and glen,
 When with united voice they cried,
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

Some took the lead, the rest engag'd
 In mental earnest prayer ;
 No matter when or where they met,
 The Lord was with them there.
 Send out thy light and truth, they cried,
 And save the sons of men,
 Then all the people cried aloud,
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

These shall our bright examples be,
 When we together meet,
 With one accord, with hearts sincere,
 We'll crowd the mercy-seat.
 Touch'd with the soul-reviving flame,
 Like these devoted men,
 We'll offer prayer and praise to God,
 And cry aloud, Amen.

Let those despise whose hearts are cold,
 And silence, silence, cry,
 Our prayers on wings of faith shall rise,
 And pierce the lofty sky.
 We will obey the word of God,
 And not the word of men,—
 With heart and voice, we will rejoice,
 And cry aloud, Amen.

235.

Amen—P.M.

IS it right or wrong to say,
 Amen, Amen ?
 When the Church is met to pray,
 One cries, Amen :
 Should we kneel in silence there,
 List'ning to another's prayer,
 Or as those who wish to share,
 Cry out, Amen ?

Saints in glory cry aloud,
 Amen, Amen :
 Hallelujah to our God,
 Amen, Amen ;
 And to Jesus Christ his Son,
 Who for sin did once atone ;
 Shout they round the blazing throne,
 Amen, Amen.

Holy men in days of old,
Shouted Amen.
Thus in hist'ry we are told,
They cried Amen.
One, or two, or ten, would pray,
Lord, thy saving power display ;
And the rest responding say,
Amen, Amen.

Those who wish to go to sleep,
Don't like Amen :
They would have us silence keep,
Not cry Amen.
But the ancient way we'll take,
Pray 'till heaven and earth do shake,
Thus we'll keep the Church awake,
Shouting Amen.

Let the formalist despise
Amen, Amen :
Onward press we to the prize,
Shouting Amen.
Touch'd with the seraphic fire,
Onward, onward, never tire,
Raise your hearts and voices higher,
Shouting Amen.

To the mourner's humble plea,
Say we Amen :
God be merciful to me,
Amen, Amen.
Wipe away the falling tear,
Hush to silence every fear,
Gracious God appear—
Amen, Amen.

To the christian's fervent prayer,
Say we Amen :
Lord, thy holy arm make bare,
Amen, Amen.
Shoot the soul-convincing dart,
Pierce and wound the sinner's heart,
Light, and life, and love impart,
Amen, Amen.

236.

There is a good time 'coming—P.M.

BEYGONE dull care, begone dull care,
Each doubt remove away,
There is a good time coming on,
A brighter, better day ;
For this we cry and inly sigh,
For this believers groan,
A brighter, clearer, better day,
A good time coming on.

"Poor Zion lies in sore distress,"
In mournful strains we sing ;
But Zion shall be joyful yet,
In Jesus Christ her King ;
Her sorrows like the morning cloud,
Shall soon remove away ;
There is a good time coming on,
A brighter, better day,

In distant lands beyond the sea,
Far in the east and west,
On northern and on southern shores,
The nations shall be blest :
For every caste, and tribe, and tongue,
Beneath each varied zone,
There is a better day at hand,
A good time coming on,

Where thorns and thistles do abound,
 Where now the bramble grows,
 Shall spring the box, and lovely pine,
 The lily and the rose :
 The idols to the moles and bats,
 Shall soon be cast away,—
 There is a good time coming on,
 A brighter, better day.

From east to west, from north to south,
 O'er earth's extended plains,
 Loud hallelujahs shall be sung,
 The Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 Him shall all nations soon adore,
 And honour and obey—
 There is a good time coming on,
 A brighter, better day.

In the good time which is to come,
 The tribes shall all agree ;
 From all sectarian narrow thoughts,
 The people shall be free :
 Ephraim shall not vex Judah then,
 Nor Judah Ephraim slay ;
 There is a good time coming on,
 A brighter, better day.

In the good time which is to come,
 Polemic strife shall cease,
 All hostile weapons shall be broke,
 And men shall live in peace ;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 Shall true believers say,—
 There is a good time coming on,
 A brighter, better day,

237.

A song of degrees—7 s.

From the temple's hallow'd gate,
 Holy waters emanate,
 Clear as crystal, see they flow,
 Bearing life where'er they go.

See that man before you stand,
 With his line and pen in hand,
 Now to cross the stream prepare,
 It is to the ankles there.

Onward still the water flows,
 Onward he to measure goes ;
 Cross again the bottom sound,
 To the knees it will be found.

See the line again applied,
 Down the rolling river side ;
 Lo, the water rises fast,
 To the loins it flows at last.

Now another thousand more,
 Stand astonished on the shore ;
 Mighty waters now they be,
 Like the deep and rolling sea.

When the gospel first began,
 Small the holy waters ran ;
 Those who sought the Lord were few,
 Here a Gentile, there a Jew.

On the day of Pentecost,
 Downward came the Holy Ghost ;
 O'er three thousand precious souls,
 Now the holy water rolls,

Next at five the number stood,
Then they're call'd a multitude;
Wider, deeper, still it flows,
Though the world and hell oppose !

On from place to place they go,
Christ alone resolv'd to know ;
Heathen nations hear the sound,
Love and mercy doth abound,

Stream with stream divinely joins,
Now it flows unto the loins ;
And the river soon shall be,
Like a deep and mighty sea.

FINIS.



Hymn.

18 - "What is this that sits upon my frame?"

66 - "We are traveling home to heaven"

50 - "Where'er we meet you always say,
What's the news?"

h. 72 - "The guilty man has muddy feet!"

24 - "Hark, the angels' voices say -
Come, come, come home today!"



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